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# McKean County Miner.

EARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

VOL. XLIX SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1912 NO. 3

## SMETHPORT IN GRASP OF COLD WAVE.

### And Shortage of Gas Adds to The Great Troubles.

### LOWEST TEMPERATURE IN 8 YEARS

**January 5, 1904, the Coldest Day We Ever Had—January 13, 1912, Second In List—Court Suspends on Tuesday and Business Places Unbearable—Thirty-Six Degrees Below Zero Saturday Morning — Norwich Man Badly Frozen.**

On the 5th day of January, 1904, the thermometers in Smethport registered 43 degrees below zero, but even then the people of Smethport and vicinity did not suffer from the cold blasts as they have most of the time since last Saturday morning.

This cold wave struck us last Friday and in the early hours of Saturday inorning the thermometer registered 36 degrees below zero in several places in town.

The real cause for suffering, however, is the shortage of gas in this place. For some unknown reason there has been an unusual shortage of gas this winter, especially in the business portion of town. The gas company puts forth the claim that they had every reason to believe that there was plenty of gas in its lines to keep its patrons reasonably comfortable in the coldest of weather, but for some reason they have been unable to deliver the goods during the past week. Whether this is due to the fact that the gas of the Smethport company is actually growing scarce or to the freezing up of the lines and wells we do not know, but the fact remains that Smethport has been terribly short of gas for the past week and a great deal of dissatisfaction is being expressed by the patrons. The patrons are entitled to better service and they are not backward in making it known.

Never before has there been such a shortage. Even with the glass factories shut down and many people burning coal or wood there is not enough left to keep the balance of the town comfortably warm.

On Saturday this office was so cold that our men could not work and on Tuesday it was in nearly as bad a condition. There was not enough gas to operate the linotype so we were obliged to work all night when the gas pressure is better. On Wednesday with the aid of a wood stove we managed to get along.

And we were only one of the many who had troubles to keep going. Civil court which is in session this week had to take a holiday nearly all day Tuesday. The Backus Novelty Company was obliged to shut down its plant on Saturday and Tuesday and yesterday they worked under difficulties. One or two of our stores were obliged to close up entirely while nearly all the others kept open under difficulties.

Every available coal and wood stove in town has been pressed into service and the hardware men and plumbers have been forced to put in hurry up orders from adjoining towns.

Last Saturday morning, Charles Dunsmore and his father started to drive from Norwich to this place and before they reached here the young man had his face, nose and ears badly frozen. When they started out he did not realize how cold it really was and therefore made the trip in a common hat. Before they had gone far he realized his mistake and he and his father did everything they could to keep those members from freezing except stopping at a house and giving up the trip until it got warmer. When he drove into Smethport his face was so badly frozen that blood was oozing out of it in numerous places and his nose and ears were terribly swollen. They stopped at the Wright House and Dr. Hamilton was summoned who dressed his injured members and made him as comfortable as possible.

This cold wave was not local, but extended over a greater part of the United States. Reports from the South and West tell of extremely cold weather and great suffering.

From our issue of Thursday, Jan. 7, 1904, we produce the following article which may be of interest to some of our readers:

Monday night and Tuesday morning goes on record as the coldest ever known in this section, the thermometer having gone as low as 43 degrees below zero in this borough. Brownell's thermometer, which is generally recognized as official in this place, registered 43 below at 5:30 Tuesday morning, and all others were hovering that mark. This is by far the coldest ever known in this section, previous records only reaching 33 degrees below, and even the oldest inhabitants did not attempt to remember any colder weather back in their early days.

Water pipes and waste pipes were frozen in many business places and residences and much damage was the result. When we reached this office we found water pipes bursted, the office turned into a miniature skating rink, and the presses in the basement looked like glaciers. The force and plumbers were pressed into service to remove the ice, and the gas being short, every means possible (including vocal) was used to produce heat. Much perseverance and a little profanity (by the plumbers, of course) has enabled us to present this abbreviated issue of The Miner and we beg the indulgence of our readers, for under the circumstances we could do no better.

Many other places also suffered. A water pipe bursted over Mrs. Mary L. Bisett's store and the whole back part of the building was flooded. Fortunately but few of her perishable goods were wet and therefore the damage is not great. Wright & Terwilliger's meat market was flooded but their damage was also slight, and many others were similarly affected. In private houses the damages from frozen pipes are probably greater than in business places. There were over fifty calls at the plumbing shops for help and in many places considerable damage was done.

The cold wave was general throughout the Eastern states. In every place heard from it was a record breaker. At Orange, Massachusetts, thermometers burst at 20 degrees below zero and in Maryland the Severn river is frozen solid from bank to bank.

At Eldred it is reported it reached 49 degrees below zero, Simpson 42, Mt. Alton 38, and that Mt. Jewett and Kane were also in the race, although a trifle less cold.

### THREE DISLOCATE SHOULDERS.

**J. Colegrove, A. T. Palmer and William Swanson Meet With Similar Accidents on Same Day.**

Last Friday afternoon was a bad day for keeping shoulders in their proper place. At almost the same time Jonathan Colegrove and A. T. Palmer of this place, and William Swanson of Kasson dislocated their right shoulders as the result of falls taken in different ways.

J. Colegrove, proprietor of one of the well-known grocery stores of this place, was carrying a tub of lard into the basement of his store when he slipped and started to fall. He put out his hand to save himself and struck on it in such a manner that his right shoulder was dislocated and some of the ligaments torn from place. Dr. H. L. McCoy was summoned and Mr. Colegrove was taken to his home on East Main street where he was given the necessary surgical attention.

Shortly after A. T. Palmer met with a similar accident at his livery barn on Water street. While assisting about the barn a horse backed a buggy onto him, knocking him down, and he fell in such a manner that his right shoulder was dislocated. He was assisted to his home across the street and Dr. McCoy was summoned. The doctor had not quite finished putting Mr. Colegrove's shoulder in shape when the call came, but was soon able to attend Mr. Palmer's injuries.

William Swanson of Kasson met with the same sort of an accident that afternoon. He was loading chemical wood onto a car at the Kasson switch when he fell between the car and dock, dislocating his right shoulder. Dr. Chadwick of this place was called and attended to his injuries.

All three are getting along nicely at this time and hope to be about their duties in a reasonable length of time.

**Lost.**

Steel chain in case lost between court house and city line on Ormsby road. Finder return to H. M. Boynton, at Wright House, at be suitably rewarded. It

**For Sale.**

I have some hickory and hard maple stove wood, seasoned, for sale at the store of G. W. KING, East Smethport. It

### JIM FINK'S ARM CRUSHED.

**Had Narrow Escape From Death Under Car Wheels Tuesday Night.**

Jim Fink, aged 59 years and the porter at the Eckert House, Hazelhurst, had a narrow escape from a horrible fate Tuesday night and as it is he is now at the County Home minus his left arm and with a badly lacerated left leg.

At about 7:30 in the evening Fink started from the Eckert House to take some dinners to men who were working in the glass factory. As he neared the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R. tracks he heard an engine coming and waited for it to pass. As soon as it passed he stepped on the track to cross and as he did so he was struck by a car and crushed in the above described manner, under the wheels.

He was picked up and put on the train and brought to Smethport, where he was taken to the County Home and Dr. Burg Chadwick amputated the arm near the shoulder and dressed the leg which had a deep cut in the fleshy part of the calf. He is getting along nicely at this time and will probably completely recover.

Superintendent Brenneman informed the writer that at first he refused to take Fink in, knowing it was the custom for railroads to take care of the men they killed or injured, but when he learned that the P., S. & N. officials absolutely refused to care for him, claiming that he was a trespasser, he opened the doors of the County Home to him.

We have also been informed that Mr. Fink was traveling on a public highway at the time he was struck, and further that his injury was due to the fact that the crew was making a "flying switch" across said public highway, which we understand is contrary to law. If these prove to be the facts the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railway Company will probably be defendants in a suit for large damages.

### TELEPHONE IMPROVEMENTS.

**When Is The Bell Company Going to Give Us Our Share?**

The Bell Telephone company has just authorized an appropriation of $25,000 for general improvements to the subscribers' and toll plants in Bradford. Included in the improvements contemplated will be an underground entrance to the central office on Chestnut street; additions to the cable and conduit systems and a general reconstruction of certain portions of the lines. The Bell officials state that these improvements are necessary owing to the rapidly increasing business of the Bell Company in this district. The officials state that it is their intention to make the service in Bradford equal to that of any city in the United States.—Bradford Star-Record.

We congratulate Bradford on its good fortune and at the same time wonder when Smethport will get the telephone improvements that are its due.

Smethport has upwards of 300 telephones on its line, including the rural telephones, and yet no decided improvements have been made here in so many years that we cannot recall when the last were made. Out-of-date 'phones are used exclusively here and so far there is no prospects of any improvement. We desire better service than we are getting, considering the revenue of this office, and the patrons are getting ready to demand it.

### THE RICHESON CASE.

**His Attorneys Will Take It Up to The Supreme Court.**

Boston, Jan. 11.—A sensation was sprung to-day when it was reported that counsel for Richeson was planning to go to the Supreme court of the state and ask for a reopening of the case.

It is their purpose to file a writ of error, which if sustained, will set aside the plea of guilty entered by the pastor and the death sentence of Judge Sanderson. This action will be done unless the executive council votes to commute the death sentence.

It will be contended that owing to the mental condition of Richeson he was unable to comprehend the nature of his plea of guilty and accepting the plea and the judge was in error in passing sentence without having the case go to the jury.

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### PENNSY TRAIN WRECKED.

**Northbound Flyer Ditched Near Lime Lake Last Thursday Evening.**

An Olean special to the Bradford Era, dated Jan. 11, says: A passenger train on the Pennsylvania railroad scheduled to leave this city for Buffalo at 6 p. m., was running 40 minutes late to-night when it was wrecked near Machias Junction, at a point between the junction and Lime Lake.

Several of the passengers were injured seriously and others escaped with slight cuts and bruises. Included in the number slightly hurt was Otto Koch, of Bradford, Pa., who left that city at 5 p. m. for Olean to take the train for Buffalo. One of the most seriously injured was a man named Simons, of Chicago. He had a severe scalp wound and was unconscious when taken from the wreckage by Mr. Koch and others.

The cause of the accident is presumed to have been a defective switch. The locomotive and first baggage car passed over in safety. The balance of the train was thrown from the rails at the switch. The combination day coach and smoker and two coaches and diner were derailed.

The combination car and two coaches went into the ditch and turned partly over on their sides as they reached the foot of the embankment.

Fortunately there were very few passengers on the train to-night. Those seriously injured were in the smoker. The injured were removed from the wrecked cars and carried to two sleepers in the rear which had not left the track. Mr. Koch, of Bradford, personally assisted in extricating two of the more seriously hurt from the wrecked smoker.

That many were not killed seems a miracle. The train was running at the usual speed at that point.

Word was sent to Buffalo and Olean and a wrecking crew from both cities was soon on the scene. A special train later took the injured passengers on to Buffalo while some came back to Olean, including Mr. Koch.

Fortunately the wreckage did not catch fire.

Of the accident the Port Allegany Reporter says: Seven Port Allegany people boarded the train when it stopped here at six o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Rowley, enroute for Palmyra, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. N. R. Bard and Mr. and Mrs. Payson Bard, enroute for Buffalo, and Pastli Ipliae, a Liberty township farmer, owner of the Colcord farm across the river. All of them escaped severe injury, but Mr. Ipliae who was seriously cut about the head, and was otherwise bruised. He was in the smoker. He was placed aboard the cars that didn't leave the track, and was taken to Buffalo. The rest of the Port Allegany party reached Buffalo about one o'clock this morning. They have the congratulations of friends here, in a narrow escape. All of them lent heroic help in getting the injured out of the wrecked cars.

### REV. FATHER HAMEL DEAD.

**Pastor of St. Mary's Church at Olean, Expired Monday Morning.**

Olean, N. Y., Jan. 15.—This morning at 5:15 occurred the death of Rev. J. J. Hamel, pastor of St. Mary's church, this city. The deceased had been ill for some time, a sufferer from paralysis.

He was a widely known clergyman and he was held in high regard by all classes.

Father Hamel was born in Brooklyn, May 17, 1850. He received his earlier education in the parochial school in Brooklyn, and his classical course at St. Vincent's Benedictine seminary in Westmoreland county, Pa., and for a short time was a student at Niagara University. His theological studies were pursued at St. Bonaventure's seminary, Allegany, where he was ordained in 1875, by the late Right Rev. Bishop Ryan.

After being raised to the priesthood he was appointed as assistant to the pastor of St. Joseph's Cathedral, Buffalo, and was later assistant to Rev. Father Gleason, at Batavia, and to the Vicar General at Buffalo. He was also located for short periods in New York and Bennington, Pa.

On Thanksgiving day, 1878, he was appointed by the bishop to take charge of the Olean mission as its first pastor, and the field included Olean, North Olean, Portville and Westons.

He had traveled extensively and his lectures on foreign lands were of rare interest. His work as a pastor was zealously done and his amiable kindly disposition, added to which was a touch of quiet humor, rendering him a man of magnetic personality. The funeral services will be held at St. Mary's church Thursday morning. Interment at Brooklyn, N. Y.

### BISHOP'S 30th ANNIVERSARY.

**Bishop Whitehead Will Celebrate the Event Next Wednesday.**

From the Pittsburgh Church News we take the following:

The coming of the Presiding Bishop all the way from St. Louis, to preach the sermon at the service in Calvary church on the evening of January 24th, to usher in Bishop Whitehead's thirtieth anniversary, is something to be proud of. It indicates not only the gartifying esteem in which the Presiding Bishop holds our own Diocesan, but more than that it shows the kindly and sympathetic temper of the man whom we honor for his great zeal and success, first as Bishop of Utah, later as Bishop of Missouri, and for these latter years as Presiding Bishop of the American church. There ought to be many who on that occasion will want to honor themselves by attending the service, and afterward the reception given in his honor, in the parish house of Calvary church.

The Bishop's Anniversary Celebration on the morning of St. Paul's Day, at Trinity church, ought to bring a crowded congregation, to join with him and the visiting bishops and the clergy and laity of the Dioceses of Pittsburgh and Erie, in giving thanks to God for whatever progress has been made and truth taught, and church strength gained during the long Episcopate of our bishop.

The program for this event is as follows:

Wednesday evening, January 24th at Calvary church. Anniversary Service. Sermon by the Presiding Bishop of the American church the Right Reverend Daniel S. Tuttle, D. D., Bishop of Missouri. The service will be followed by an informal reception in Calvary parish house, to which everyone is invited—whether Episcopalians or not—to meet the bishops.

Thursday morning, January 25th. The feast of the Conversion of Saint Paul, at Trinity church, at 10:30 a. m. A celebration of the Holy Communion and an address by Bishop Whitehead.

After this service a luncheon for visiting clergy and invited guests in Trinity parish house.

At 4 p. m. in the church, a service in behalf of the Church League of the Baptized, with an address by the Bishop of Harrisburg, the Rt. Rev. Jas. H. Darlington, D. D.

Thursday evening. Dinner given by the Church Club in honor of the Bishop of the Diocese and visiting bishops.

To all these occasions no church people within the city and Diocese are invited by card, for two reasons: (1) The great multitude, and consequently (2) the inevitable result that some would be unwittingly overlooked and would feel slighted.

Whereas, of course, all church people and indeed all our citizens who know and esteem the bishop, will be more than welcome, and are cordially invited to the services and to the reception.

### COLD REMINISCENCES.

**A Clipping From Last Saturday's Bradford Star-Record.**

Seventeen years ago to-day occurred one of the most destructive fires experienced by Bradford in recent years. The conflagration was forcibly recalled to the recollection of Bradfordians by the extreme cold of last night and this morning. The fire of 17 years ago, originated in the Sheehan building, No. 99 Mechanic street. It was discovered at 6:45 a. m., at a time when it had gained considerable headway. The temperature was 14 degrees below zero and a forty-mile gale was blowing from the west. A general alarm brought the volunteer fire department to the spot and for four or five hours there was a fierce battle to check the progress of the flames. The firemen were encased in ice and forced to work under the most severe conditions. Many had their hands frozen; others had frosted faces, ears and feet and one fireman, John Crosby, was so chilled that he contracted a cold that resulted in his death. Crosby was holding a hose nozzle between two buildings and was literally frozen to the spot. When relief came, it was necessary to cut the ice away from the fireman before he could be released.

The fire destroyed the buildings from the alley adjoining the Conneely hotel, to the corner of Mechanic and Main streets and from that corner to the brick structure then owned by Charles Samuels and now used by the Star Continuous show. The owners of the burned buildings were: James Sheehan, Mrs. Mary A. Peterson, John Leonard, D. F. Rosenberg, Nusbaum & Steinberger, Rothstein & Lippman Brothers and Smith Brothers. The total loss was estimated at $120,000.

### CIVIL COURT NEWS.

**Only Three Cases Disposed of This Week—Court Adjourned.**

Civil court convened at the court house on Monday at 2 p. m. Hon. Jos. W. Bouton presiding. This was one of the lightest civil terms we have known here in years. Only three cases were disposed of and, although court was in session only a short time on Tuesday on account of the cold weather, all business of this session was finished yesterday afternoon.

In the case of the Singer Sewing Machine Company vs. Thomas Wharton, the court gave binding instructions to find a verdict for the defendant.

In the case of the Washington National Building and Loan association, a corporation, to the use of Josiah C. Stoddard and Douglass Stuart, receivers and ancillary receivers of said association, vs. William J. Hickman and Annie Hickman, his wife, an agreement was reached that the plaintiff take a judgment of $130.

In the suit of Fred Ellis and Anna Ellis vs. W. S. Sikes and O. Y. Sikes, the case was adjudged in favor of the plaintiff by agreement.

### COUNTY TEACHERS.

**County Association Held Meeting in Mt. Jewett Last Saturday.**

The McKean County Teachers' association held a meeting at Mt. Jewett Jan. 13, 1912, [illegible] was called to order by Prof. Morrison of Mt. Jewett.

The first paper on Lower Literary Criticism was read by C. F. Felt, of Wetmore township.

Supt. G. W. Mitchell of Johnsonburg, discussed Spelling.

Instrumental solos, by Martha Gallup and Stella Phillips.

Reading in the Grades was discussed by Supt. J. W. Sweeney of Elk county.

Violin solo by Allan Phillips.

Adjourned till 1:30.

Fundamentals, by Supt. G. W. Mitchell.

The Secret of Discipline, by Supt. Sweeney.

The Principal's Relation to the School, Prof. G. B. Whitehill of Hazelhurst.

This was one of the most instructive and enjoyable meetings ever held by the association.

### THE BIGGEST APPLE.

**It Was Grown In a Pennsylvania Demonstration Orchard.**

The biggest apple in Pennsylvania, if not in the entire world, is grown in a demonstration orchard under the supervision of Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, in the orchard of Mr. Chas. H. Welles, of Scranton, Pa. It is now on exhibition in the Model Orchard Exhibit of the Division of Zoology of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, at Duquesne Garden, in Pittsburgh, where the State Horticultural Association is holding its annual meeting and exhibit during the third week of January.

Mr. Welles wrote to Prof. Surface that this apple weighed twenty-seven ounces at the time of picking. It was sent to cold storage in Pittsburgh last fall in a box by itself, and in the cold storage room the package is known as the "little box," although in the exhibition the apple is everywhere known as the "big apple." It is to be remembered that twenty-seven ounces would be the weight of two very large apples. If an apple weighs half this amount, or thirteen and one-half ounces, it is decidedly above the ordinary.

It is of the variety known as the "Wolf River," which is one of the fine northwest varieties. In Pennsylvania it grows to a large size and is of dark red color. After having been exhibited at Pittsburgh this week, it will be returned to the office of Dr. Surface, where a perfect cast will be made of it, showing its exact size, and form, and will be painted in natural colors.

This apple of record-breaking size was one of seven taken from a very young and very small tree in one of Pennsylvania's Model orchards. Mr. Welles, the grower, is very enthusiastic owing to the results of the State's Model orchard work.

# An Unfinished Song

By JEROME SPRAGUE

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The man leaning over the deck rail caught the echo of a thrilling burst of melody. He looked about him to discover the source. Not a soul was in sight. The deck chairs were deserted.

Again there came the thrilling notes and Granger, following the sound, came upon a girl wrapped in a steamer rug.

It was a wild song, and it stopped as he came up to her. The steamer rug in which she was wrapped was red. The girl was a dark little thing with scarlet lips and cheeks and with brown curls blown into a tangle by the beating wind. She smiled at Granger. There seemed nothing unconventional in such a greeting. The girl laughed up into Granger's face. "Isn't it fine?" she said.

He stammered a reply. He was not a man of many words. All his life he had worked hard, and had little time for pleasure and none for flirtation. Woman nature was to him an undiscovered country. Yet his heart leaped, as this girl said to him in her musical voice, "Isn't it fine?"

He wished that he might reply easily, but he only blushed and went on. Some instinct made him turn, however, to see the girl struggling to keep her balance. The heavy sweep of the wind, and the slant of the deck, was too much for her, and, before he could reach her, she fell. He picked her up to find her laughing. "Do you still think it is fine?" he managed to say.

"It's great!" was her response. "The wilder it is the more I love it."

His spirit seemed to exalt with hers. In all his life he had never known such a sense of triumphant freedom as he now experienced. The work-a-day world seemed miles away.

"We had better go in," he gasped, but she said "No."

"I hate it in that stuffy cabin," was her explanation when she could make herself heard. "Did you hear me singing?" was her further question in another intermission.

"Yes, what was it?"

"'The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky,
The deer to the lonesome wold,'"

she crooned.

"Go on," he said breathlessly.

But now the storm was upon them in full force.

Within the cabin, unfolded from the rug she showed herself a slim creature in a blue serge gown. Back again in conventional surroundings Granger once more lost his tongue. He bowed and left her. That night at dinner she was next to him at the table. "I asked for this seat," she said frankly. "You saved me from the storm—perhaps you may save me—" she stopped and as he looked down at her in surprise.

"If there is anything I can do," he said, "you must let me know." But she was laughing again, gay and radiant.

That night, as he stood late alone on deck watching the moon float through the ragged clouds, she came to him all pale and trembling.

"Perhaps I am all wrong," she said, "to ask you, but somehow I feel that you can be trusted. Will you keep these for me?" She put into his hand a little box. "They are my pearls," she whispered, "heirlooms in our family. My cousin who is with me thinks they should have been given to her. She has told the captain that I am ill and not responsible, so if I give them to him he will take them back to her. But I am perfectly well and they are mine."

Granger was a practical man of business. "I'll keep them," he said promptly, "and give them to you just before we leave the boat."

"Thank you," she said, and left him.

He was glad that she had furnished him a reason for intimacy. At the breakfast table the next morning he watched the cousin and found her a cold sort of person.

He resolved to watch over her, and that afternoon he had his chance. He heard a controversy between the two as they sat in their steamer chairs.

"What have you done with them?" asked the cousin.

But his little friend would not tell.

"Wait till we get to New York," she said, "you haven't any right to them. Grandmother was in her dotage when she left them to you. They belong to me, Helen."

Granger saw the young girl's eyes sweep the deck and light up as they rested on him. Then she flung her defiance at her cousin. "I would rather fling them into the sea," she said, "than to let you have them."

Granger strolled over to the pair. "Will you walk with me," he asked the girl.

"Yes," she said eagerly.

"Who is this—gentleman?" the cousin asked icily.

Granger took out his card. "That will serve to introduce me," he said. "The Captain knows me and I think you can find several other people on board who will furnish all the credentials necessary."

After that Helen and he were much together. All the youth in Granger woke in response to the child in her.

One morning Granger appeared before her with a drawn look on his face. "I have lost your pearls," he said.

She gasped. "How?"

"I do not know. Probably they were stolen. But who?"

"Cousin Jane could not have done it," she told him. "I have been with her every moment, except when she is on deck in her chair. Then I am with you. Someone must have heard us talking and have seen me give you the box."

Granger reported the loss. One day he said to Helen, "You must give me the right to buy pearls for you—when we reach New York, I want you to be my wife."

"Oh, but I can't," she said, "I have to marry a man with money."

Granger looked at her stunned.

"Why, do you say that?"

"Cousin Jane says I must," the girl told him. "She says I have always been used to everything and that I would never be happy with a poor man."

"Couldn't you be happy with the man you love?"

Her face flamed. "You remember my song?" she asked breathlessly, "Did you ever hear the end?"

"No."

Then she sang it to him. And to the last two lines she gave particular emphasis.

"'The heart of a man to the heart of a maid,
'As it was in the days of old.'"

"That's the way it should be," he said. "I could be happy with you on a desert island, yet you demand riches."

"Oh, no," she protested "Cousin Jane said that."

"If it were not for Cousin Jane," he asked, "and I should tell you that all I can give you is a little cottage in a quiet little town, would you come with me?"

"I'd go with you to the end of the world," she said.

That afternoon he went to Cousin Jane and told her the truth. Cousin Jane gasped at the revelation. "But I do not want her told," Granger said. Then he looked at the hard woman sternly. "You had better give in," he said suddenly, "or I shall let her know about the pearls."

"But,—" she began.

"You have them," he accused. "I found this in my room." He held out to her a small gold cross which she had worn every day hanging conspicuously from her watch fob.

"You can give her back the pearls as a wedding present."

Granger took his wild bird to a modest little place in a quiet town. The pearls came unmarked in a white box and Helen wore them now and then with her simple white gowns.

"Some day I will give you more jewels," Granger promised her, and she would answer, "Silly, what do I want with jewels?"

Thus the telling became harder and harder, he loved their life and wanted no other. So it happened that it was Cousin Jane who wrote. "He is deceiving you. Ask him what he is keeping from you?"

She showed the note to him. "Are you?" she asked.

"Yes," he admitted.

Her face was very white. "What is it?" she demanded.

"Alas, I am a rich man," he told her. Will you hate me because I did not tell you?"

"I shall love you always," she said, and sang for him again the ending of the song which had brought him to her.

"'The heart of a man to the heart of a maid,
'As it was in the days of old.'"

## HE DIDN'T SEE THE COLONEL

### That Gentleman Becomes Real Angry When Busy Clerk Takes Him for an Assistant.

Colonel Jackson was at the head of an important department. He was a gentleman of the old school, affable, courteous and obliging, but possessing a dignity which at times verged upon haughtiness. A clerk in another department did not know the colonel. All his transactions with that department had been conducted with its clerks.

This clerk received an inquiry that required some investigation. He turned it over to the colonel's department. The colonel was feeling particularly well and concluded, as all his clerks were busy, he would attend to the matter himself. It involved no little time and research and the colonel was in a most magnanimous humor when he went to the desk of the clerk who had sent in the inquiry. The clerk was busy and did not look up, thinking his caller was one of the colonel's assistants.

The colonel, a little nonplussed but still good humored, proceeded to detail the information which he had gathered as the result of his own efforts. When he had finished, the clerk, still intent upon his own work, curtly said:

"Just write that out for me, will you?"

Right there the colonel's magnanimity, urbanity and other graceful qualities vanished in the flame and smoke of his explosive wrath.

The clerk wrote it out himself. He now looks up even when the office boy approaches him.

### A Precaution.

I think we had better try and have Harry transferred to some other department at the office."

"Why? He is getting on finely."

"Maybe he is, but when I asked him the other day if the typewriter in his division was light, he answered yes, just the kind of blonde that suited his style."

### Useful.

Briggs—Have your daughters accomplished much in music? Griggs—Yes, their playing has rid us of two very undesirable neighbors.

## TERRIER AND THE LIONESS

### Little Dog Braves Wounded Wild Beast and Saves Life of His Master.

That victory is not always a matter of size or strength was pleasingly illustrated in the case of the dog that did his duty so effectually in the incident here related.

A man named De Beer had started early one morning for a journey on foot in Matabeleland, leaving his boy to pack up and follow him. He had not gone half a mile when he heard a growl and, turning, saw an immense lioness about fifty yards away and rapidly approaching. She was within twenty paces when he fired. The shot broke the beast's jaw.

The second shot broke one of her legs. The third, fired just as she sprang on De Beer, missed altogether and the man was borne down.

In a few seconds he was mauled and bitten and his left hand severely injured. There seemed little hope that he could escape alive, for his gun was out of reach and the lion, lying on him, prevented him from moving.

But with De Beer was one companion, a little terrier. The tiny animal flew bravely at the lioness' ear, got a good hold and hung grimly on. This made the brute shift a little, and De Beer was able to reach his rifle again with his right hand and shoot the lioness through the chest. She fell dead on top of him, his left hand still in her mouth.

## SULPHUR TAKEN FROM WELLS

### How It Is Forced From Great Depths In Louisiana by Means of Hot Water.

Within recent years Sicily, so long famous for its exportation of sulphur, has suffered from the competition of the United States. In Sicily sulphur is mined in the solid form. At Lake Charles, La., near the Gulf of Mexico, a little over 200 miles from New Orleans, sulphur is obtained from deep deposits in the form of a liquid.

Wells driven to a depth of 600 feet in search of petroleum revealed instead a rich deposit of sulphur. To obtain the mineral hollow tubes were driven into the earth. Each sulphur well consists of three tubes, one within another. Through the outer tube hot water is forced down, and it issues through perforations near the bottom. Through the central tube hot air is driven a little lower than the points where the hot water escapes. Through this third tube, inclosed between the other two, the liquid sulphur, dissolved by the water, rises to the surface under the combined influence of the pressure of the column of water and impulsion of the rising air. The liquid sulphur is led into wooden reservoirs, where it cools and hardens.

### Ruthless Destruction of Books.

Napoleon was indirectly responsible for the destruction of a vast quantity of books. In 1812 he framed a law allowing goods to be imported from the United Kingdom, provided that the importer shipped an equivalent quantity of French goods to this country. French merchants generally met the requirements of this law by shipping books to the value of the wares they wished to import. Having served to gain the necessary permit, the books were thrown overboard on the way to England, as there was no demand for them here. Shippers could well afford to do this, for coffee and sugar were then about ten times dearer in France than in England. It has been estimated that books to the nominal value of four million dollars were destroyed in this way.

### Cosmopolitan Community.

Confusion of tongues in St. Gilles, the industrial suburb of Brussels, Belgium. Here the Flemish, Walloon and German elements meet. Statistics prepared for the government on the language question show that of 63,239 adults who form the population of St. Gilles, 10,163 men and 14,213 women speak French only; 2,483 men and 3,445 women Flemish only; 90 men and 172 women German only; 12,595 men and 14,902 women both French and Flemish, 711 men and 795 women both French and German, 30 men and 35 women both Flemish and German, and 959 men and 645 women French, Flemish and German.

### To End Log Rafts.

Columbia rivermen believe that the recent disasters overtaking a number of the ocean-going log rafts which were being sent from the river to California have been the means of sounding the doom of this method of shipping lumber down the coast. In support of this conclusion it is pointed out that the steamer Carlos, on her last trip, took out a deckload of piling from Stella. Heretofore the great bulk of the piling from that point has been shipped to California in the form of rafts.—Shipping Illustrated.

### Proving an Old Saying.

"I sure believes dat dere's truth in dat old proverb what says, 'Heaven helps dose what help demselfs,'" announced Wandering Walter, the Weary Wop.

"Wot mikes yer t'ink dat kinder dope?" inquired Ragweed Reggie, the Roving Reprobate.

"Becuz if we haidenter went an' helped ourselfs to dat cold ham in dat summer kitchen we'd never have seen dem winter clothes hangin' there!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

# Scotch Heather

By MARY WESTCOTT

John Bowditch, botanical-case on shoulder, hurried along the wood path to test his pet experiment. For years he had been filling hidden pinces in these Maine woods with foreign plants which, left to work out their own salvation for a time, he later revisited with almost fatherly delight. Today he would see how some Scotch heather had weathered a year of New England.

Suddenly with a distant rustling of leaves, a girl came through the trees following the winding path toward him. John Bowditch, 40 years old ignorer of women, saw only that the gleam of her crimson dress in the light of the September afternoon was not unpleasing. Stepping aside as if to examine a tall sumac, he was leaving the narrow path to her, when his eyes fell on a bunch of flowers in her hand. He scowled. His near-sighted eyes strained at her. She had not seen him. He must get a better look unobserved. He slipped behind the shelter of the sumac. Now she was only ten steps away—and he could see. It was his heather. She played with the flowers, half-caressing the tiny, pink sprays. There was a dreamy, sentimental look on her face that roused an evil temper in the man of science.

He glared at her as she passed, half-minded to protest, but, the right second thought lost, stood looking angrily after her retreating figure, soon hidden by the curve of the path.

Turning, he plunged ahead through the tangle of asters and goldenrod, with frequent stumbles over twisted roots. He was too cross to watch his feet. It was science vs. sentiment, and science seemed to have the worst of it. Before him in a clearing lay the heather patch. He stooped over it, smoothing the plants with loving fingers. Broken stems, empty spaces told their story. The roots would live on; for that he was thankful, but for the present this experiment must remain incomplete. Rising with a shrug he tried to turn his mind to the other plant life around; but for once even botany had lost its charm. Science and John Bowditch were out of tune, and he stamped homeward in disgust.

Meanwhile Scotch Mysie Cameron rapturously arranged her plunder in a bowl. The very touch of its tiny, prickling leaves made her realize how the days of her visit to her American were flying, and awoke in her a sudden home-hunger. But how came heather into Maine woods to make a Scotch girl homesick? The puzzle of it haunted her. Her neighbors had no knowledge of the plant. One at last suggested that she ask that old botanist, Bowditch, who lived alone on the hill; and impulsively she wrote him a note of eager inquiry.

John Bowditch next day grunted over it and tossed it onto his crowded desk. But each time he glanced up from his microscope he caught sight of its white back. Bother the thing! Impatiently he turned it over:

"She writes a fair hand—but Caesar, what an ending! 'I, too, am a stranger from Scotland!' Sentimental! Sickeningly sentimental! Well, she's got my heather. How the Dickens shall I keep her from my other stuff out there, and from babbling all over town to set people hunting?"

At last he wrote her briefly, asking her to show him the heather in growth. Before the time came, he thought, he might contrive something to tell her. Meanwhile, anticipating such boredom, he felt himself truly a martyr to science.

Two days later he kept his appointment with her. He felt oddly out of place in his familiar woods as he followed her swishing skirts along the path. Serenely unconscious of his embarrassed silence, the girl supplied a friendly chatter, until triumphantly she stooped over the disputed patch.

"Is that anything but heather, Mr. Bowditch?"

He took the spray she handed him and examined it.

Conscious of her scrutiny, he pulled scientifically at the leaves. Finally, with an air of congratulation and surprise, he faced her.

"It is Calluna vulgaris, I vow. How unexpectedly plants do turn up! Migrating birds, a hundred different mediums carry them. I'd rather not commit myself to any theory here. Suppose we consider it one of nature's experiments, and watch the result."

He flushed a little under her pleased, unquestioning assent. He had a guilty consciousness which he hoped did not show. Yet as he stood looking awkwardly down at the heather in its glow of autumn sunlight, and at the bright girl-face above it, he somehow felt glad to be there. Less shyly he began to speak again of the plants.

"First of all we must keep this now to ourselves," he said decidedly. "The flowers are small and off the beaten track. Probably only your Scotch eyes could have noticed them in a dozen years. Shall we pledge ourselves to keep the secret?"

With mock solemnity Mysie stretched out her hand to him and he shook it as soberly.

"Of course," she added, "I shall walk here now and then."

"Oh, naturally," John agreed. "I shall keep an eye on it myself."

Walking home, Mysie talked of Scotland and the moors. John was usually silent; but when he had left her at her gate, he halted in the road in the wonder of a swift realization. He had not been bored.

A week later rambling near the clearing he caught a glimpse of crimson through the trees. He had volunteered to keep an eye on the heather. He did at once—until the sudden autumn darkness forced him to see Mysie home.

At their third meeting, for variety, he guided her by old logging roads strange to her. The charm of the odd companionship laid an unsuspected spell upon them both. Through winter snows and February thaws they found excuse for meeting—always under the open sky, oftenest in the woods, where John Bowditch's knowledge opened a new world for the girl. He taught her the use of snowshoes; and on them they followed together the tracks of the tiny, shy wood habitants.

Before spring winds blew they were tried friends—"chums," Mysie secretly phrased it with occasional wonder. As for John, he hardly realized Mysie's girlhood in his delight in her sympathetic company.

One day when they had been roaming the woods for great bunches of violets, he had found his comrade unusually quiet. As they reached the clearing, they stopped a moment by the faithful patch of heather which had braved the winter storms.

"It is hard to realize," Mysie said, with a catch in her voice, "that I'm not to see it blooming."

"Why not?" John demanded sharply.

"They say now I must go home in June. My sister is to be married. They need me."

Mysie's lips trembled. She hardly dared glance at the kind, studious, familiar face. She anticipated its look of pain. The look was there—and with it the amazement of a man who leaps to a sudden understanding of himself.

"Mysie," his voice rang deep, intense, "I need you more. That is—I mean—no, I mean just that! I cannot let you go!"

Mysie dropped her violets in a sudden gesture of dismay—yet on the instant felt that this all was strangely right. John Bowditch went on with an excitement new to him.

"I've known we were good friends. I didn't know how much more. You Scotch girl, you've grown as deep into my life as that heather into the soil! If you are torn out it will leave a great, empty place. But——"

He looked at her and paused. Perhaps he really saw her fresh, girlish beauty for the first time. A shadow settled on his face; he went on in a different tone.

"I'm talking foolishly. I'm twice your age. My home is here, miles enough from your dear Scotland. It was selfishness. Please forget it all."

But Mysie was reaching out both hands to him across the heather.

"Oh, John, John! Can't you see that I'm transplanted for good? If you root me up, I may wither—die! I didn't want to go back—only I hadn't any excuse to stay."

As they walked home through the rich May sunlight, stirred by the pulse of new life around and within them, John stopped short.

"Mysie," he said earnestly, "it's no use. You mustn't love me. I'm a fraud, a——"

She faced him, suddenly white.

"You didn't suspect," he went on doggedly. "You were too truthful to dream I could cheat. I planted that heather—an experiment. That's why I told you to keep it secret. I'm ashamed, sorry. But how could I foresee all this?"

Then in wonder at the radiant laughter of her eyes: "Dearest, how could I dream it would lead me to you?"

She smiled with loving mockery and leaned tantalizingly toward him.

"Is that why you're so sorry for it, John?" she asked.

## YOUNG CHILDREN IN CHURCH

### How One Wise Mother Engaged the Attention of Very Small Offspring.

As a minister's children, our young lives were hedged about with a lot of things people expected of us; and among these was regular church attendance and mighty good behavior while there, no matter how little we were. Consequently our mother had to rack her brain to devise things that would amuse us without attracting the attention of others or disturbing the service in the least.

She says none worked as well as the pocket pin roll; one of those round, flat, covered pasteboard affairs that men used to carry in their vest pockets. One of these filled with pins of various colored heads pleased us beyond measure, and we would spend the entire time of service taking them out, putting them in fancy designs, playing they were soldiers marching in companies, or children playing all sorts of games. We stuck them up in our small laps or on the cushions of the pew, our imaginations constantly inventing new performances for our little round-headed playmates.

We did not tire of them, because our wise mother never allowed us to have a pin roll except in church, and that only when the sermon began. Up till that time we were expected to listen and make out what we could.—Exchange.

### Hardly.

"Is Pipps a baseball fan?"

"Sure. Why, he even proposed to his wife at a baseball game."

"Do you mean to tell me he took his mind off the game long enough to propose?"

"Yes."

"Pshaw! He's no fan."


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FRESH and SALT.

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The Twenty Payment Life policy, deposits payable for twenty years only, insurance payable at death. We also issue ten, fifteen, twenty five and thirty payment life policies.
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One of them will make a desirable Christmas present for any home. The prices are right see the window.

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If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

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SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.



For Fresh Candies, Nuts and Fruit Go To **Brasted's**



# McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 18, 1912.


## LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Wood and coal stoves are in great demand just now.

—Daly & Garlick have a new advertisement in this issue.

—H. W. Rubin's overcoat sale is now on. See his advertisement.

—The Disett Store advertises a big clearance sale which begins on Friday, Jan. 19.

—It might save you a doctor's bill if you read Monheimer's advertisement in this issue.

—A clean sweep of ladies' and misses' coats and suits is advertised by The Lindholm Co. this week.

—Fry & Comes, in their advertising space this week, call attention to the closing days of their Great January Clearance Sale.

—Methodist Episcopal church Sunday morning. Morning theme: "What Does it Mean to Be a Christian?" Evening, "What it Costs to be a Christian."

—When a wrench is not at hand, one can be made very quickly that will serve the purpose by putting two burrs on a bolt which can be adjusted to any burr to be turned.

—Invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Rachel, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Rubin of this place, to Mr. Sol Marks of Renova. The wedding will take place at the family home on King street at high noon on Tuesday, January 30.

—The Miner has an excellent line of calendar samples that we will be pleased to show to anyone in this vicinity that contemplates buying calendars for 1913. We have the finest line ever shown in Smethport at prices that are right and request our friends to wait until seeing our line before making purchases.

—Mayor Spencer M. Degolier has delivered his first annual message to the councils of Bradford. It is the longest document of that sort ever read to the councilmanic bodies of the oil metropolis and contains many good suggestions as well as his ideas on some pet hobbies, the merit or demerit of which we know not.

—The commissioners of Mercer county have arranged with Sheriff Crane to have prisoners doing time in the jail at Mercer to do the janitor work around the new court house. It is expected that the amount saved in janitor's wages will go a considerable ways towards paying what it costs to board the prisoners.

—Charles Castor, of Johnsonburg, Pa., dropped dead on Wednesday of last week from heart failure at Bosler's drug store, soon after entering same. He had lived in that place but two months, having gone there from Pittsburgh, and purchased the Star studio. The deceased is survived by his widow and three children.

—We are in receipt of a copy of the San Fernando Democrat. The Democrat is a new weekly newspaper published at San Fernando, California, and we notice that Miss Beatrice Parsons, formerly of Kane, this county, is editor of the Woman's Column. Miss Parsons is a clever, entertaining writer and we predict a bright future for her in the journalistic world.

—If you find that The Miner this week is not fully up to the standard remember that the whole force has worked under great difficulties to give you this much. The extreme cold weather and the unusual shortage of gas has forced us to practically shut down operations for two days, to say nothing of the time taken up in setting up stoves and trying to get the office above the freezing point.

—Alderman Knapp of Bradford makes the following liberal offer: During leap year I will perform marriage ceremonies free where the bride to be has been responsible for the matrimonial venture. Believing that there are many bashful swains who would be only too glad to wed if they could find some smooth and unembarressing manner in which to broach the all important question, and by making this offer, I hope I will encourage many of the fair sex to take the initiative.

—Our old friend Charles J. Sheldon formerly of Ormsby, now of McGraw, N. Y., writes: "I see by last week's Miner that the people of Smethport are searching for black diamonds. Tell them they are very plenty here in McGraw. Everybody has them to burn. Although the mercury has been from 15 to 20 below zero we are very warm and comfortable in our new home. Therefore we earnestly sympathize with our shivering friends in old Smethport."

—Dairy and Food Commissioner James Foust has given notice to the agents to look out for the bloated oyster, this being the season of the year when he is served. The commissioner says that in many towns dealers place the bivalves in water to "fatten" them and thereby destroy not only the flavor but food value as well as appearance. Added water is as much against the law as added preservatives and numerous arrests will soon be reported.

—St. Marys increased over 2,000 in the last ten years, whereas Benzinger township, in which St. Marys is located, is losing ground. In 1890, its population was 3,733; in 1900, it was 2,294, while in 1910, it got down to 2,160. St. Marys is the largest town in Elk, having 6,346 souls. Ridgway comes next with 5,408, and Johnsonburg third with 4,334. The county gained about 3,000 in the last ten years, having a population of 35,871.—Emporium Independent.

—Greenville township, Somerset county, is having a hydrophobia scare. The farm of Simon Glotfelty, between Salisbury and Pocahontas, is the seat of the trouble, and it is probable that the state live stock sanitary board will take action. A strange dog engaged two of Glotfelty's dogs in a fight last November. One of the animals had since died of rabies, but not before it had killed a turkey and bitten several of Glotfelty's cattle. Since then Glotfelty has lost a sheep, a steer, two cows, that were gored by a maddened steer, three hogs and a dog, and it is thought that several other animals on the farm are infected.

—The family of F. H. Webster, foreman of the Journal office, had a narrow escape from asphyxiation Saturday morning last. The gas had been left burning in the cook stove night and when the generator shut on, the fumes filled the house. Mrs. Webster, who had been ill for a week was first to feel the effects and became exceedingly sick. Flossie, the eldest daughter, came to the room to assist her mother, but she was immediately overcome and fell upon the floor. The youngest daughter, Ada, then rushed to the room, and she, too, became unconscious. Mr. Webster then realized what must be the trouble, and threw open doors and windows and sent for the doctor. Both young ladies recovered in a short time, but Mrs. Webster is still confined to the bed.—Coudersport Journal.

## "HE NEVER EVEN TOOK AIM"

**But the Tyro at Hunting Brought Down Two Birds, and Shot No More.**

"Only once in my life did I ever do any shooting," said a traveling man, talking to a group in the cafe of one of the big New York hotels, "and that once I made a real hit. It was in a western town to which my trip had carried me, and the natives had arranged a prairie chicken hunt for the following day. Of course I was invited. I protested that I was out of practice, but they insisted that I go along, and some one furnished a gun for my use.

"As the only stranger in the party, they let me go ahead, following the dogs closely. I didn't even know what a prairie chicken looked like; whether they would run along the ground or fly. Suddenly I heard a tremendous whirr, the sound, as I came to know, of the birds taking wing. So excited was I that, without raising the gun to my shoulder, I pulled the trigger. 'Bang!' went the gun, and two of the birds fluttered slowly to the ground.

"'He never even took aim,' shouted one of the hunters, and my reputation was made. Thereafter I rested on my laurels, not attempting another shot throughout the day, or ever since."

## MADE EQUALS BY LEARNING

**With the Same Education, Men Will Lose Their Superiority Over Women.**

Rev. Anna Howard Shaw said recently in Philadelphia of an opponent of co-education:

"Perhaps he objects because he is aware that equal education does away with man's superiority. The average man, of course, won't be superior to the average woman when they are both equally well educated. His assertions won't be accepted then unquestioningly.

"Indeed his assertions already are beginning to be questioned here and there. Thus there was a young chap at the seashore last month who on being refused by a beautiful girl said:

"'You have broken my heart.'

"But the girl, a medical student, laid her white hand lightly on his breast a moment, and then shook her head and said:

"'No, there isn't the least evidence of organic lesion.' I notice a slight palpitation, due, no doubt, to the excessive use of cheap cigarettes, but otherwise the organ is quite perfect.'"

### Horse Pedometers.

The whorls of hair on the coats of horses and other animals are natural pedometers, inasmuch as they register the locomotive activities of the animals on whose bodies they are found.

The best examples and the greatest number of these hairy whorls and crests are found on the domestic horse. A notable instance is the graceful feathering that extends along the hollow of the flank, dividing the trunk of the animal from the hindquarters. There are also crests and whorls on the horse's chest and other parts of its body.

A study of the action of the underlying muscles explains the origin of these peculiarities in the lay of the hair and furnishes the justification for calling them pedometers, although the analogy is, of course, merely superfical.

### Mixed Patriotism.

Up in the Nineteenth assembly district they are telling this story of a fallen political idol. In the rounds of his social activities he attended an afternoon entertainment given by the Outdoor Playground association. Among the vocal selections rendered by the children was "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." At the conclusion of that hymn the political idol was called upon for a few remarks. He addressed the audience with emotion.

"Children," he said, "it does my heart good to hear you. Scarcely ever have I heard 'The Star-Spangled Banner' so beautifully sung."—New York Times.

### No Caste Where Shakespeare Reigns.

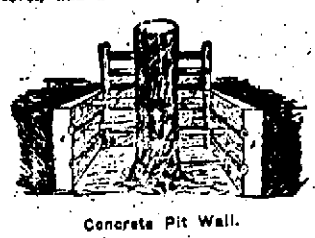
Julia Marlowe declares that caste does not exist among lovers of Shakespearean drama. "This love levels all ranks in my audiences," she says. "The woman who has lived, loved and lost, the young girl, the dowager in diamonds, the club woman with notebook, the business woman fresh from her desk, all yield to the charm of romance, that knows neither age nor country, but is world-old, world-wide."

# HORTICULTURE

## CONCRETE SAVES OLD TREE

**Elm Is Preserved by Construction of Concrete Wall, So That Entire Trunk Was Free From Dirt.**

C. L. Miller, in Suburban Life for August, writes of the preservation of an old elm through the medium of concrete. The street on which this particular elm was growing had been filled up all of four feet, and in the course of a few years this began to affect the tree, which showed unmistakable signs of dying. So, in order to save it, the ground was dug away from the tree to the streets original level, and a concrete wall, together



Concrete Pit Wall.

with a rustic railing, was placed around the tree, so that the entire trunk might be free from dirt, as it was originally.

The construction of the reinforced concrete wall is very simple. After the hole was dug to the desired width and squared properly, the posts for the railing were set so that they rested on the bottom of the hole and extended about four feet above the ground. These posts were connected each by four cross-pieces, two below the ground and two above, which made a sort of fence around the tree. The false work to hold the cement in place until it was set was so constructed that the part of the posts below the ground, as well as the cross-pieces connecting them, would be half embedded in the concrete. This concrete wall, approximately nine inches in thickness, was reinforced with strong iron wire cut to the required length, and put in place in the manner of open network while the concrete was being poured. Braces extended from the tree to the boards wherever it was deemed necessary, so that the false work might be strong enough to hold the concrete back of it.

Above the ground, a rustic railing was carried out, constructed so that it might be strong enough to permit of the small boys' climbing over it.

## LITTLE SNOWBERRY IS HARDY

**Small Shrub Bears Fruit in Clusters and Is Easy of Propagation by Seeds or Cuttings.**

The snowberry is a small shrub which bears fruit in clusters and is easy of propagation by suckers, seeds or cuttings.

These shrubs are excellent for covering the ground under trees, or planting in masses or in borders where a low-growing plant is desired.

They are very hardy and thrive well in almost any soil, even in heavy clay or dry gravelly banks. Their habit of suckering enables them to cover the ground rapidly and effectively.

The snowberry is practically effective because it retains its fruit until it

Snowberry in Fruit.

is forced off and one species retains its foliage through the winter. For these reasons they are pleasing additions to the winter landscape.

### A Good Apple.

Stayman winesap as a commercial apple is surpassed by no other. By some authorities it is called the most successful apple grown. It is of medium size, a beautiful dark, rich red, good eating as well as good keeping fruit. It is far superior to and the tree much stronger than the original winesap; long lived, early bearer, good yielder, a later winter variety.

### Protect Fruit Bushes.

Currant and other bushes that are liable to be broken down by heavy snows, may often be protected from such damage by simply tying them together in an upright position so that the snowdrifts cannot bend and break the canes.

## KEEPS BARBER FROM FROST

**Formation of Ice Around Base of Trees Keeps Ground in Frozen Condition, Retarding Growth.**

Last year there was a scarcity of fruit in the middle states because the prematurely warm weather thawed the ground and warmed the trees, causing them to blossom. This was followed by frosty weather that froze the blossoms which contained the germs necessary to produce fruit.

This is a frequent occurrence and farmers have used fires and oil stoves under the branches of the trees in their orchards to keep the blossoms from being frost-bitten.

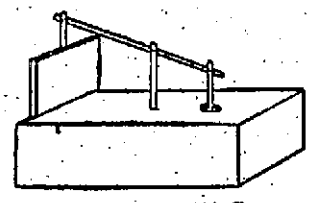
There is danger of frost in our region until April 15 or later, and by delaying the budding these trees until that time this danger would be avoided, or there is ample time in the fall of the year for the ripening of the fruit, writes Chas. Diets in the Chicago News.

In order to do this all that would be necessary is to scrape a small ridge of dirt about six inches high, forming a circle around the base of the tree about five feet from it. After the ground has thoroughly frozen in the latter part of January fill this bowl or space with water, which would be directly over the root of the tree. The cold weather would cause the water to become ice. Then place a layer of straw or hay over this ice. The device would keep the sun from thawing the ice, as the snow and ice ridges on the shady or north side of our fences now show. As ice is a nonconductor of heat, this would keep the dirt around the roots and base of the tree in a frozen condition, retarding the circulation or flowing of the sap until it was thawed and warmed up. The straw or hay could be removed about April 15 with safety.

## OLD-FASHIONED RABBIT TRAP

**Can Be Made by Any Boy Handy With Tools Inside Half an Hour and It Never Fails to Work.**

Make a box with a sliding door to work up and down easily. Run a stringer over the center peg and fasten the trigger which has a little notch in it to hook behind the top board and



Old-Fashioned Rabbit Trap.

to hold up the trap-door. When the rabbit gnaws at the bait he pushes the trigger back, which slides through the hole and lets the slide-door fall. This can be made out of any strong box by a boy who is handy with tools in half an hour and it never fails to work.

### A Handy Diagram.

Where different varieties of apples are stored together in the same pit, or, if several sorts of vegetables are buried together, keep a diagram of the pit, something like this:

Ben Davis. Jonathan. Twig. Willow Pippin.

By this plan when fruit is wanted in the winter, one may now exactly what part of the pit to open to secure the varieties desired.

## HORTICULTURAL NOTES

It does not pay to crowd trees in planting.

Encourage the boys to kill every rabbit they can this winter.

The damage done by rabbits does not stop with the trees they girdle.

The peach and plum are short-lived trees. The pear and apple are long-lived.

Grapes are still trodden under the bare feet in many of the vineyards of Italy and Spain.

Young orchards are injured by borers, rabbits and mice and should be protected against these pests.

Preparations should now be made to protect the younger trees in the orchard from rabbits and sunscald.

Wood ashes are alkaline and not acid in any degree and are very good for strawberry and other fruit plants.

One secret of success in getting grafts is to have the scions entirely dormant when they are placed in the limbs.

A good deal depends upon what a certain market prefers, in the matter of fruit packages, as well as in fruit varieties.

Experiments have shown that peach growers should not wait until the trees leaf out before they spray with Bordeaux mixture.

The rabbit is a carrier of several parasitic diseases of animals. Like some other things they look more innocent than they are.

Frequently ornamental shrubs that are not pruned each year, as they should be in most cases, grow too tall and become obstructed and lose much of their beauty.

Keep the apples in a cool dry place until danger of freezing occurs, then move them to the cellar, but be sure to keep the cellar as cold as possible without danger of freezing.

The Roman stem apple is very easily affected with bitter rot, but this may be prevented by spraying with Bordeaux mixture or lime-sulphur solution before the apples are full grown.

# The KITCHEN CABINET

THOUGHTFULNESS is always doing little kindnesses; thoughtfulness has an instinct for seeing the little things that need to be done and then for doing them. —Ruskin.

### FROSTINGS AND ICINGS.

The secret of good frosting is to have it creamy underneath and glossy on top. The way that appearance is secured is to have the frosting as soft as is possible without running off of the cake.

If the following directions are carefully followed a soft, creamy frosting will result: Boil together one and a half cups of sugar and three-fourths of a cup of water until it hairs when dropped from the tines of a fork. Pour over the well-beaten whites of two eggs beaten until foamy, but not stiff; beat until stiff enough to spread without running off. Flavor and, if the frosting seems too stiff, add a teaspoonful of cream to thin it.

For a quick frosting, the white of an egg, beaten stiff; add a teaspoonful of lemon juice and a cupful of powdered sugar, added a little at a time. Beat well for five minutes, then spread over the cake.

Fruit Filling.—Put a cup of seeded raisins, a half pound of blanched almonds, a half pound of figs, a half pound of dates and a quarter of a pound of citron twice through the meat chopper, and add enough boiled frosting to make a paste to spread.

Pineapple Filling.—Dissolve a teaspoonful of gelatine in a little pineapple juice, add a half cup of grated pineapple, enough lemon juice to make it pleasantly tart, and very stiff boiled frosting to make sufficient quantity.

Gentlemen's Favorite.—Beat two whites of eggs until stiff, add a half cup of sugar and the pulp and juice of a large, tart apple, grated. Beat until firm enough to spread; cover the top of the cake with the same.

Delicious Filling.—A cup each of sour cream, brown sugar boiled until waxy, then add a cup of hickory nut meats; stir until cool and flavor with a little vanilla.

Brown sugar and sweet cream or maple sugar and cream makes a good filling with or without nuts.

Nellie Maxwell


**Grange National Bank**

Smethport - - - - - Pa.

Assets..... $565,150.00

We solicit your account.



**IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT**

The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer

Smethport, Pa.



**Just Received**

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes, I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5 and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

**May Chadwick,**

Smethport, Pa.

# McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.50 each.

Address all communications to HARRY E. BACKUS, Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 18, 1912.


## ANNOUNCEMENT.

Editor Miner:—Please announce my candidacy for Congress from the Twenty-First congressional district, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries in April.

CHARLES E. PATTON.

Curwensville, Pa., Jan. 10, 1912.

Hon. Charles E. Patton of Curwinsville, Clearfield county, announced his candidacy for member of Congress to succeed himself. His announcement appeared in our last issue but the order for the announcement came so late that we did not have time to make any comment. Mr. Patton has represented the 21st district in Congress for the past two years and he has done his duty in such a thoroughly satisfactory manner that he justly asks to be re-nominated by the Republicans of this district and re-elected by the people. He is an able, competent and thoroughly conscientious man who has represented this district well for the first time and is sure to improve with age and experience. He will be nominated and elected without much opposition.

We see that Senator Penrose has promised President Taft all of the 76 delegates from Pennsylvania at the next national convention at Chicago. It is our opinion that in so doing Senator Penrose has taken quite a contract on his hands. In view of the fact that ex-President Roosevelt is quite liable to be a candidate for the Presidential nomination. In this neck of the woods President Taft is fairly popular but when it comes to a choice between Mr. Taft and Theodore Roosevelt it will be seen that the Roosevelt candidate for delegate to the national convention will have four votes to Mr. Taft's one. The plain people of this country are for Roosevelt if he will allow his name to go before the convention and no human power can stop the tide of votes in his direction once it is started.

Aquisition of the telegraph lines of the United States by the government and their operation as a part of the postal service will be recommended to congress in a short time by Postmaster General Hitchcock.

For a year or more Mr. Hitchcock has had this recommendation under consideration. After a thorough study of the operation of government-controlled lines and postal telegraph systems of foreign countries, it has been decided to urge the matter upon congress.

"Should this recommendation be adopted," said Mr. Hitchcock, in a statement of his intention, "I am convinced it would result in important economies and in very materially lowering telegraph rates that are now exacted. In approximately 50 countries of the world government controlled telegraphs are now in successful and profitable operation. In many of the countries they are operated in connection with the postal service.

"In this country postoffices are maintained in numerous places not reached by the telegraph systems, and the proposed consolidation therefor would afford a favorable opportunity for the wide extension of telegraphic facilities. In small towns where the telegraph companies have offices the telegraph and mail business could be handled handily by the same employes. It is evident that the separate maintenance of the two services under present conditions results in a needless expense.

"My own view is that every reason for the transmission of mail under government control can be urged with equal force for the transmission of communications by telegraph. Because of the more extensive organization maintained by the postal service and the freedom from taxation and other charges to which private corporations are subject, the government undoubtedly could afford greater facilities, at lower rates, than are offered by companies now conducting the telegraph business."

It is understood that President Taft does not favor Mr. Hitchcock's plan and the outcome will be anxiously watched for by all who are interested.

There is a decided tendency throughout this state to have an anti-treating law on our statute books, and the work that is going to be done along this line between now and the opening of the next session of the legislature, in the way of a campaign of education, is going to surprise some of the skeptics who have heretofore made fun of such a law. The leaders of the Prohibition party are not in favor of an anti-treating law, some of them claiming that it would be too much of a compromise from their long sought purpose, but to the average person who knows about the habits of drinkers and the evils of excessive strong drink the idea immediately appeals to them as safe and sane and one that would almost if not entirely correct the drink evil. Anyone who knows anything about the customs of persons who start on the downward path through intemperance knows that the custom of treating is the one thing that makes more drunkards than all the others combined.

Out of all the men who patronize the public drinking places, not five per cent. of them go into a saloon with the intention of getting intoxicated, but upon entering such a place they usually meet one or more of their friends, and the treating custom being in vogue, all are asked to partake. The first drink taken the custom demands that each person who has drunk at the other's expense shall likewise stand treat for the party and the usual result is several man more or less intoxicated where none intended to take enough to have it effect them.

Again, an anti-treating law would practically put the professional bum and saloon loafer out of business. He undoubtedly would have the same desire to keep full of liquor, but instead of getting it by the waiting game he would have to go out and earn the price of his drinks, which would occupy a good share of the time he now devotes to looking for some one to treat him into the desired state of intoxication.

Very few young men start drinking because they like the taste of liquors, but simply because of social customs which have been developed through the treating habit. Legislate treating out of business and you will have drawn the sociability out of drinking, which is the principal incentive to young men especially. Legislate the drinking place out of the town or county or state and the strong drink will be imported from the "wet" localities and drinking will be just as popular as ever, with all its attendant sorrows of wrecked and poverty-stricken homes.

This movement in favor of an anti-treating law is not local, but is being pushed by prominent men in various parts of the State, and sooner or later such a law is going on our statute books. And when it does become a law, the people will recognize it as the greatest and best moves in behalf of temperance that has ever been passed.

## MORE FROGOLOGY.

### Col. Chris. Columbo Swan Gives His Version of a Recent Meeting.

Franklinville, N. Y., Jan. 16, 1912.
(Belated by Wireless.)

Editor McKean County Miner:—

"A Frog he would a wooing go
Whether his mother would let him or no."

I promised to write up the Frogs Banquet and intended to do so, before this. But the hospitality extended to me ("The feast of reason and the flow of soul") by the dear Brothers of the Frogs left me in a condition of uncertainty. I somehow lost my bearings and there being no sun I could make no observations. I finally made Port Allegany. I am now in old Cattaraugus, with the thermometer in the 33rd decree and am having a fit of the blues. How can I help it after leaving such a hospitable, Gold-blessed place as Smethport and its delightful people.

My heart is yours. Because. Now about the banquet. A man would have to be a lightning change artist to be able to remember all of the happenings. This my recollection. The Frogs formed on Avenue A, near the fountain (which was out of commission) at 8:30 and proceeded by the Broadway Squad of Police and the Cosmopolitan Band, marched to the Wright House, where the trouble was to be. A fine looking lot of men they were. Never were equaled. Never will be. Banners flying, every man strung up to the highest pitch of expectancy. Alarms were sent in during the march for the hospital ambulance, caused by some females fainting, overcome by admiration. I am not positive what tunes were played by the band or whether they were all playing the same one, but hereafter I want them to play as the military bands do. The Girl I Left Behind Me. The costumes worn by the Frogs defy description. Magnificent colors of varied hue. History has no record of equality.

Marching into the Banquet Hall under the orders and guidance of Bro. Burdick, we were seated at the table. Uniformed regulars and prospective Frogs alternately. Gee Whiz! What a feast!

Turkey killed on the Frogs reservation (our own make), roast pig from Ike Gleason's piggery, the fixings I will not attempt to describe. Arizone of all kinds, and, by the way, I wish I had some now. The most fastidious could be suited, or if not should have been thrown out bodily.

The singing of that dear old melody by Col. Kennedy Hilton, was unapproachable. I perhaps ought not to select any favorites but I cannot resist the temptation to state that Orlo J. Hamlin and Scott Redfield were without doubt the prima donnas of the occasion. We ate and sang and sang and ate and when I thought I had enough all I had to do was to take a look at dear old Guy McCoy and my appetite came back.

I was impressed by the Kingly bearing of Lin. If reincarnation is true he has occupied an exalted position in the dim past. In the manor born, as it were—solemn, dignified, impressive, he held court with an ease unheard of, and the arizone seemed to increase his mental capacity. He seemed to expand, as it were, to the situation. I felt some jealous as I have occupied the position and I know I could not compete with him.

Counsellor Gorton was a lively adjunct. His songs were certainly a hit, and his flood of oratory was such as would bring tears to any man with a heart. All he needs is a brake. What a comedian was spoiled when he became a lawyer. He can have my vote early and often.

The Hon. Robt. Hilton is a prince if he is a Democrat. He knows when he's up and when he's down. I cannot give away any of the secrets of the order but it is enough to know that he submitted gracefully to the fines imposed upon him. Good for Bob. He's got my vote.

The speech delivered by Bro. McKean was one of the most heroic efforts ever undertaken. His history of the Frogs is the only authentic one ever written and should be preserved among the archives of the Commonwealth. I warn the readers of The Miner not to be imposed upon by agents who claim their's is better.

Bro. Gallup, as the official interpreter is par excellence. I am convinced by the way, he sifted my scribblings. He has a Chesterfieldian manner, understands the King's English and has, I think, a good delivery.

Horace Redfield can talk some, and to the point and don't let it escape you. The grand thoughts uttered by him will never leave my memory. Let's send him to Congress.

The remarks of Clate Backus sparkled like champaign. You never can tell what's in a man until you inject some Liquid Arizone into his veins. The enthusiasm at the conclusion of his speech has never been equalled.

Land sakes alive! How I wish I had taken more notice of the details. Its a shame to omit any part of the proceedings.

The initiation in the first degree was a sublime affair. Five new members were accepted and the degree conferred upon them. I trust the proper scrutiny of their bonds to give a feed was made so there will be no hitch.

I do not remember at what hour adjournment was taken, but think it was early.

The absence of Co. Gillett was especially noticeable. We wanted him there. I had a few bouquets to throw at him.

Editor Backus displayed a temperament never equalled. Took his medicine like a thoroughbred.

After a mental examination of the Frogs' families I came to the conclusion that a number of them are decidedly lacking from a Rooseveltian standpoint. There are not enough Polly-Wogs. Take moer arizone and redouble your efforts, Brothers, is my advice. How would it do to start a Stork Farm at the Frogs camp?

Enough said.

I offer you dear Editor an apology,
For remarks which were probably an analogy.
Your paper as now issued is up-to-date
I have kissed the editorial,
Shall love you time immorial,
Because, Backus, I believe you're straight.

## ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending January 13th, 1912:

Bennett, Miss E. J.
Benton, Mrs. Gertie.
Chester, Mr. Frank.
Masood, Abado.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

### Watned.

Teams to haul chemical wood, $5.50 per day. Inquire either at the office at East Smethport or of A. J. Drake, Telephone No. 24R. Eldred, Pa.

Smethport Chemical Co.
tf D. M. Cooper, Gen. Supt.

### Millinery for Winter.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct thing in ladies' and children's headgear, call on

CARRIE CLARK.

### For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES.

For Sale.

10 head Grade Cows and Heifers, from one to four years old. A quantity of hay and straw. 1 pair black horses, 4 and 5 years old. Some 9 mo. old pigs. 2 full blood Holstein bull calves.

A. L. GALLUP.

### SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at the premises of William H. Davidson, otherwise known as William M. Davidson, in the Township of Liberty, McKean County, Pa., on

MONDAY, JANUARY 29, 1912,

at 1:30 o'clock P. M., all the defendant's interest in the following described property:

All that piece of land situate in Liberty Township, County of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the northwest corner of lot No. 20 as laid out on the plot of C. A. Dolley's addition to Liberty Township (Old Fair Grounds); thence northerly one (01) degrees east ninety-six and seventy-five one hundredths (11.75) rods to the northeast corner of the same; thence by the east line of same south thirty-four (34) degrees east five and eighty-three one hundredths (5.83) rods; thence south twenty-nine (29) degrees east two and two tenths (2.2) rods to the southeast corner of same; thence along the south line of said lot south sixty-one (61) degrees west twelve and twenty-five one hundredths (12.25) rods to the east line of Seneca Street; thence along same north 29 degrees west eight (8) rods to the place of beginning. Being lot No. 12 as above mentioned, improved and having thereon situate one one and a half story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of William D. Davidson, otherwise known as William M. Davidson, at the suit of T. F. Mullin.

M. C. BAIN,
Sheriff.

Dec.11-3t
Smethport, Pa., January 10, 1912.

### AUDITORS' REPORT.

Of Keating Township Road Funds for the Year 1911.

A. G. Farley, Collector.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dr. | | |
| To balance on 1909 duplicate | $ 278 02 | $278 02 |
| Cr. | | |
| By exonerations on 1909 duplicate | $ 4 74 | |
| By paid Treasurer Stratton | 273 28 | $278 02 |

Road and Per Capita Fund.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dr. | | |
| To balance on 1910 duplicate | $ 1013 79 | $1013 79 |
| Cr. | | |
| By exonerations on 1910 duplicate | $ 148 94 | |
| Amt. due from Collector Farley to balance | 864 85 | $1013 79 |

Road Bond Fund.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dr. | | |
| To balance on 1910 duplicate | $ 6541 65 | $6541 65 |
| Cr. | | |
| By exonerations | $ 37 48 | |
| Amt. due on 1910 duplicate to balance | 749 17 | $6541 65 |

Road & Per Capita Fund 1911.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dr. | | |
| To amount of duplicate Road and Per Capita | $ 5757 56 | $5757 56 |
| Cr. | | |
| By amt. paid Treasurer Stratton | $ 3443 56 | |
| By 5 per cent. allowed tax payers on $3229.12 | 161 46 | |
| By 2 per cent. commission on $3067.68 | 61 35 | |
| By 5 per cent. commission on $460.26 | 23 01 | |
| Balance due Road and Per Capita Fund, minus exoneration to balance | 2068 48 | $5757 56 |

Road Bond Fund.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dr. | | |
| To amnt Road Bond duplicate 1911 | $ 2080 83 | $2080 83 |
| Cr. | | |
| By paid Treasurer Stratton | $ 1364 74 | |
| By 5 per cent. allowed tax payers on $3299.28 | 64 96 | |
| By 2 per cent. commission on $1231.32 | 24 69 | |
| By 5 per cent. commission on $184.32 | 9 21 | |
| Amt. due Road Fund to balance | 597 23 | $2080 83 |

J. H. STRATTON, Treasurer
Road and Per Capita Fund.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dr. | | |
| To balance in Grange National Bank last Auditors' report | $ 458 23 | |
| To received from Collector Farley 1909 duplicate | 273 28 | |
| To received from Collector Farley 1911 duplicate | 3443 56 | |
| To received from State Bonus | 561 68 | |
| To received from Ex-Treasurer F. A. Gallup | 24 65 | $4761 40 |
| Cr. | | |
| By paid for work on roads, bridges and teams | $ 2349 82 | |
| By paid for 3 deer traps & snow fence | 65 60 | |
| By paid for Supervisors' expenses | 48 00 | |
| By paid for Auditors' fees | 40 00 | |
| By paid Secretary and Treasurer's salary | 127 60 | |
| By paid stationery and postage | 12 95 | |
| By paid Pathmaster C. W. Stratton | 280 00 | |
| By paid Pathmaster C. H. Curtis | 150 00 | |
| By paid Pathmaster M. S. Comes | 98 17 | |
| By paid for freight and material | 157 81 | |
| By paid for machinery | 36 30 | |
| By paid for printing | 48 00 | |
| By paid for debt and interest | 45 00 | |
| By paid for hardware | 50 24 | |
| By paid for work on bridges | 963 00 | |
| By paid for white tire wagons | 58 47 | |
| By paid for damage paid Roy Chase, horse injured | 25 00 | |
| By paid blacksmithing | 2 75 | |
| By balance in Grange Bank | 188 28 | $4761 40 |

Road Bond Fund.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dr. | | |
| To amount received of Collector Farley | $ 1384 74 | $1384 74 |
| Cr. | | |
| By paid Bonds Nos. 3 and 4 | $ 1000 00 | |
| By paid interest on Bonds issued | 200 00 | |
| By balance in Grange Bank | 184 74 | $1384 74 |

Liabilities of District.

| | |
|---|---|
| Bonds outstanding | $ 3000 00 |
| Outstanding orders in Grange Bank | 1106 66 |
| Borrowed of Grange Bank | 1500 00 |
| Outstanding orders | 15 27 $5621 93 |

Resources.

| | |
|---|---|
| Due from Collector Farley on 1910 Bond Fund | $ 539 17 |
| Due from Collector Farley on 1911 Bond Fund minus exonerations | 597 23 |
| Due from Collector Farley Road Fund 1910 | 864 85 |
| Due from Collector Farley Road Fund 1911 | 2068 48 |
| Due from unseated lands, estimated | 1000 00 |
| Liabilities in excess of Resources | 492 20 $5621 93 |

We, the Auditors of Keating Township, having examined the accounts of A. G. Farley, Collector, and J. H. Stratton, Treasurer, of the different Road Funds of Keating Township, do find them as above stated.

S. D. CRAWFORD,
WM. TANNER,
F. L. CONNER,
Auditors.

Grange Bank, Dec. 19, 1911.


# OVERCOAT SALE NOW ON

—AT—

## H. W. Rubin,

THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER

HULL UMBRELLAS
DETACHABLE HANDLES

## Come in and

Look over our fine line of Gold Handle Umbrellas from $3 up to $15.00. Also a complete line of Jewelry and cut glass.

Engstrom & Olson

# An Ad. in The Miner Means More Business

THE HOME OF Quality Groceries

WHAT PLACE
Can be more
TANTALIZING
TO THE KIDS
han the pantry with locked doors.
ESPECIALLY

When they know it is filled
With Good Things From Our Store!
Be patient, until meal time Kids!

TRY THESE, They'll Please!

GEO. WASHINGTON
Prepared Coffee

Made in one step

Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.

ARTIS BROTHERS'
PLUM PUDDING

Just the thing to complete that Christmas Dinner.

## F. W. BROWNELL,

PHONE 7.

HOLIDAY GOODS

In the "wet" line assuredly add to the general rejoicing. What would your Christmas dinner be without a half dozen bottles of superior champagnes, clarets or Burgundies, preceded by cocktails or straight whiskey, topped off with some fine cordial? Oh, we'll make your Christmas festivities long to be remembered if you give us an order.

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
Wholesale Liquors,

# SHOES! SHOES!

This is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

## Anderson & Carlson,

THE SHOE MEN

Smethport, Penna.

McCALL PATTERNS

McCALL PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

Clean Sweep of Ladies' and Misses' Coats and Suits.

Every Garment marked at Sweeping Reduction for quick Claarance. Prices that will suit your purse. Garmenta that will suit you. Come early while we have your size.

Shoes

25 pairs, sizes 2 to 2 1-2, only ladies shoes. 3.00 Value at $1.39 per pair.

Remember only above sizes at above price.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

Special

Savage Wash Boiles

SALE

$1.00 allowed for old copper boiler.

$ .50 allowed for old tin boiler.

DALY & GARLICK

HARDWARE AND PLUMBING

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 18, 1912.

## LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Smethport is going to celebrate the Fourth of July, 1912.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. William J. Olson, on Tuesday, January 16, 1912, a boy.

—The warmer weather this morning is welcomed by everybody who has to depend on gas for heat and light.

—Phills, the infant daughter of Col. and Mrs. Melville Gillett, who has been seriously ill for the past week, is improving slowly.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Forsythe entertained a few friends at dinner on Thursday evening, it being the twenty-fourth anniversary of their marriage.

—George Ritchie, manager of Brownell's grocery, who has been confined to the house with rheumatism, is again able to attend to his duties.

—A corps of State Highway surveyors are in town this week. They are making a survey of the roads in this section for a road map that is to be issued in the future.

—At a meeting of the Smethport Fire Department last Thursday it was decided to hold an annual banquet and a committee was appointed to make preparations for this event.

—Mackinee Tribe, Red Men, will hold a banquet next Monday evening in the I. O. O. F. hall to the members of the order and their wives and sweethearts. A good time is anticipated.

—D. L. Forsythe, who was stricken with paralysis a few weeks ago, is again able to be out on the streets and seems to be just as well as ever. This will be pleasing news to his many friends.

—A surprise party was held at the home of William Halpenny on Friday evening, January 12, 1912, in honor of Mildred Terwilliger's sixteenth birthday, supper was served, and a nice time was reported by all.

—The thermometer registered 36 degrees below zero last Saturday morning. Only once in our memory has the weather been so cold and that was eight years ago when the thermometer registered 43 degrees below.

—The members of Smethport Circle, No. 25, P. H. C., gave a surprise party to Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Purtle Tuesday evening at the I. O. O. F. hall in honor of the thirtieth anniversary of their wedding. Directly after the regular business meeting the I. O. O. F. band made their appearance and discoursed some of their finest music and dancing was enjoyed until the small hours. A fine banquet was served at twelve o'clock by candle lights and all did ample justice to it. A very enjoyable time it was to all and Bro. and Sister Purtle were the youngest appearing couple present.

—Ed. Burch has rented the Bayle place west of town and has started a milk route. In connection with his milk route he expects to run a truck farm next summer, and we see no reason why he should not make a success of such a business.

—A small audience saw "The County Sheriff" at the Smethport Lyceum last Friday night. It is said that the company was a well balanced one and presented a very satisfactory performance which was deserving of a better house.

—A. L. Gallup is seriously ill at his home in Keating township, about two miles south of this borough. He is suffering with pneumonia and pleurisy. His condition last night was somewhat improved and his friends hope that he will recover soon.

—Rev. J. W. McGavern was in Bradford Sunday to assist at the funeral of Mrs. M. A. Haggerty. In his absence the pulpit of the Methodist church was occupied by Rev. Osborne of Eldred. Rev. Osborne is a superannuate minister, but he speaks with fire and eloquence.

—Twelve of little Jane Cramer's friends gave her a very pleasant surprise in honor of her eighth birthday Saturday, Jan. 13, at her home at Mrs. Harry Haley's, on Main street. Games were played and a light luncheon was served. Miss Jane received many nice and useful presents.

—The remains of Mrs. Church, mother of the late M. L. Church, who formerly lived in this place, were brought here from Oklahoma on Tuesday for burial. Mrs. Church was a resident of this borough for a number of years and she had many friends here who will deeply mourn her demise.

—Mrs. Ralph C. Gleason and Miss Ruth Walker entertained twenty-four ladies at Bridge on Thursday evening in honor of Miss Rachel Rubin whose engagement to Sol Marks or Renova was recently announced. Miss Rubin was presented with a beautiful blue silk kimona, and Mrs. Gleason served an appetizing Dutch lunch.

—Word comes from Olean that since the re-opening of the schools there on Wednesday of last week, when by order of the board of education about 2,000 pupils who could not produce certificates of vaccination, were sent home, there has been such a scramble to get the necessary operation done and secure the evidence thereof that the physicians are working overtime at $1 per scrape.

—A Kansas journal springs the following: "Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight, and give us a maiden dressed proper and right. We are so weary of switches and rats, Billie Burke clusters and peach basket hats. Wads of jute hair in a horrible pile, stacked on their heads to the height of a mile. Something is wrong with the maidens, we fear; give us the girls as they used to appear. Give us the girlies we once knew of yore, whose curls didn't come from a hair-dressing store. Maidens who dressed with a sensible view, and just as Dame Nature intended them to, Give us a girl with a figure her own and fashioned divinely by nature alone. Feminine style's getting fiercer each year—Oh, give us the girls as they used to appear.

—There is plenty of work for teams all through this section at the present time. Since the sleighing came on managers of chemical factories have been pressing every team available into hauling wood.

—By a new ruling of the Postoffice Department, rural mail carriers will not receive full pay unless they cover their route entirely each day. Heretofore carriers had only to make an attempt to get through the snow banks and were allowed for a full trip but this winter it will be different. They will get pay for the actual distance traveled.—Wellsboro Gazette.

—The Smethport Ice Company has finished putting in an excellent supply of ice. Their large ice house northwest of town is full to its capacity of the clearest and best ice they have ever put up. If the cold weather continues this company will fill several smaller ice houses in town for an emergency but as it is it has enough ice to last through the coming summer.

—The Women's Foreign Missionary society of the Methodist church held a very pleasant Missionary tea in the chapel on Friday evening. A musical program was given by Mesdames Anna Stubenrauch and John Chapman and the Misses Flossie Freeman, Leona Hogarth and Marguerite Cooper. Excellent refreshments were served by Mesdames J. W. McGavern, Howard Hall and Anna Stubenrauch.

—Portville Review: Frank A. Herrick of the Bolivar Breeze and Miss Grace L. Grover, formerly of this village, and for years a stenographer for the Herrick Agency, were married at the home of the groom's brother, R. L. Herrick, of Bolivar, on Friday evening, by Rev. W. L. Wakley of the M. E. church. Mr. and Mrs. Herrick will reside on Wellsville street, Bolivar. Congratulations and best wishes, Brother Herrick.

—Olean has an auto fire truck. Those who were skeptical in regard to the ability of the auto truck to do efficient work when the roads were drifted with snow had all their doubts removed a few nights ago when a run was made to East Olean in record breaking time through snow drifts to the hubs alternating with stretches of roads so slippery as to make it almost impossible for horses to keep their footing.—Olean Times.

—Smethport is going to celebrate the Fourth of July this year. At a meeting of the Smethport Fire Department last Thursday night a committee of which Wm. Monheimer is chairman was appointed to confer with the Smethport business men and find out if such a celebration was wanted. Mr. Monheimer informs us that our merchants and hotel man favor a celebration of the Ever Glorious and that preparations are being made for a big time on this occasion.

—The congregation of the First Presbyterian church of Olean, is about to launch a ten-day campaign for the purpose of raising $25,000 to apply with an equal amount pledged by Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Bartlett, to the building of a brownstone church at Laurence and Second streets, on the site of the present wooden building which was built in 1856 and remodeled in 1878. The present membership of the church is 375 and the new church will be built to accomodate 500.

—Prothonotary B. F. Starsky has had printed a handy and very convenient court calendar for the year 1912, containing a list of county officials, the judiciary, court officers, officers of the bar association, the list of courts for the year, resident members of the McKean County bar, examining committee, list of justices of the peace and aldermen, list of the constables, name of representatives in congress, state senator and members of the assembly, etc.—Bradford Era. The calendar spoken of is a product of this office.

—E. W. Jones of this place has been re-appointed by District Attorney T. B. Wilson, as county detective for a year. The court has affirmed the appointment. The salary has been fixed at $100 per month and traveling expenses. The receipts of the county detective's department for the past year, have aided materially in paying the salary of that official. "Billy" has demonstrated his ability as a detective and his re-appointment will meet with the approval of the people at large.

## PERSONAL MENTION.

Detective Jones had business in Bradford on Tuesday.

A. P. Huey of Kane is a business visitor in town to-day.

Mrs. H. C. Wells was the guest of Bradford friends this week.

W. E. Burdick of Bradford was an attendant at court this week.

D. M. Cooper left this morning on a business trip to Potter county.

Attorney John E. Mullin of Kane had business at court this week.

J. B. Stedman and H. H. Reddell were in Bradford last Thursday.

Alfred Sturdivient was in Bradford Friday to attend "Madame Sherry."

C. L. Strong of Logan, Iowa, is visiting his brother, E. W. Strong, this week.

George Howard and son had business in Bradford and Olean last Saturday.

Deputy Sheriff W. H. Morrison had business in Port Allegany last Saturday.

Miss Marion Stark left for Geneva Monday, where she will resume her studies in school.

Miss Marguerite Smart of Uniontown, Pa., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. C. Choate.

Mrs. E. L. Strong of Friendship, N. Y., is visiting her son, E. W. Strong, and family this week.

Attorney J. F. Touhy of Eldred was an attendant at court this week and made this office a pleasant call.

Col. and Mrs. Melville Gillett returned home on Saturday after a ten day's visit in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Burdick have left for Baltimore, where Mr. Burdick will undergo medical treatment.

T. F. Mullin, Esq., of Bradford had business at court this week and was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

Hon. and Mrs. J. W. Bouton and Edwin Bouton were in Bradford Friday to witness the production of "Madame Sherry."

Miss Rose Allen and Miss Edna Freeman were in Mt. Jewett Saturday to attend the meeting of the McKean County Teachers' association.

Mrs. Charles Douglass of Bradford and Miss Elizabeth Sheehan of Ridgway were guests of Mrs. Freeman Chadwick a few days last week.

## RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

"Oddfellowship!
Working in manhood's prime and ardent youth,
In that sublimest, most ennobling strife,
To show for man best Friendship, Love and Truth."

In memory of Victor Lindgren who died Jan. 9th, 1912.

"So let him sleep that dreamless Sleep
Our sorrows clustering round his head;
Be comforted, ye loved who weep,
He lives with God—he is not dead."

Once again death has summoned a brother Odd Fellow, and the golden gateway to the Eternal City has opened to welcome him to his home. He has completed his work in the ministering to the wants of the afflicted, in shedding light into darkened souls, and in bringing joy into the places of misery, and as his reward, has received the plaudit, "Well done," from the Supreme Master.

And whereas, the All Wise and Merciful Father has called our beloved and respected brother home, and

Whereas, he, having been a true and faithful brother of our Mystic Order, therefore be it

Resolved, that Clermont Lodge, No. 949, I. O. O. F., in testimony of her loss, tenders to the family of the deceased brother our sincere condolence in their deep affliction, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, spread upon the minutes of our lodge, and published in the McKean Miner and McKean Democrat.

A. R. ANDERSON,
JULIUS DUMJOHN,
J. E. MAGNUSON,
Committee.

Green be his memory in the order's heart
He loved so well, through all his true life's span,
Bless'd be his rest, who acted well his part,
Who honor'd God in doing good to man.

Advertise in The Miner.

High Cut Storm Boots and EXTRA HEAVY

WINTER SHOES, that will keep your feet warm and dry, made in tan and black—either lace or button.

$3.50 to $5.00

Just ask for WALK OVER shoes, if you want the BEST WINTER shoes MADE. Sold only by

MONHEIMERS'

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

Ladies Home Journal Patterns — Closet Shirts

FRY & COMES

The Store that sells "Wooltex"

The Great January Clearance sale

Closes Saturday Night Jan. 20.

A few of the samples that may still be had, Monday Morning will be too late, come now.

| | |
|---|---|
| $25 Wooltex Tailored Suits for | $12.50 |
| 19.50 Wooltex Tailored Suits for | 9.75 |
| 21.50 Wooltex Coats for | 10.75 |
| 16.50 Wooltex Coats for | 8.25 |
| 1.00 Bearskin Leggings for children now | .50 |
| 1.00 Monarch Shirts for men now | .50 |
| 1.50 Cluett Shirts for men now | .75 |
| .50 Tamoshanters for | .15 |
| 1.00 Black Storm Serge caps for | .50 |
| 1.00 White Lawn Waists for | .50 |
| 2.00 White Lawn Waists for | 1.00 |

A Big Remnant Sale Next Week.

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT, : : : PA.

STOP and LOOK

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE

Ten days only beginning Friday, Jan. 19.

Everything to be sold regardless of cost.

——COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.——

The Bisett Store,

Now is the time to buy Children's School Dresses, Ginghams and Calathea cloth—from 2 to 14 years.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in your feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

WAVERLY BRANDS

76

SPECIAL MOTOR

WAVERLY GASOLINE

are the products of more than 30 years' experience. Three brands—

76° — Special — Motor

Power Without Carbon

Waverly gasolines are all refined, distilled and treated—contain no "natural" gasolines, which are crude and unrefined and which carry the maximum of carbon-producing elements.

Waverly Oil Works Co., Pittsburg, Pa.
Independent Refiners
Makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil

# Trifling Telephone Tangles

By CLARA HOLMES

Kittie Smith and John Colson were lovers, but perversity in matters matrimonial have become a proverb, and their case was no exception to the rule.

Kittie lived with a married sister, and as frequently happens, she assumed more authority than the most exacting parent would have done. She most decidedly refused consent to their marriage. "That child," she exclaimed indignantly, and promptly forbade John the house.

But love finds a way, and their trysting place was in the thick shrubbery at the lower end of the garden. John was trying to persuade her to a clandestine marriage, but she lacked courage to assent. Her sister's shrill call from the back porch decided the question.

"Kittie, Kittie Smith! Come here this instant and put little Billy to bed."

"As if you were her servant!" whispered John indignantly. "That settles it, you are going to marry me tomorrow night."

"Oh, John, she'll never let me," breathlessly.

"She won't? Then we'll not ask her. You put those kids to bed as soon as the chickens go to roost, so you can get to the telephone office by 10 o'clock. I'll put in the call with the operator and she'll give you the line so I can tell you where to meet me. Ten o'clock, sharp! I'll be waiting and so will the parson."

"Sister's coming," whispered Kittie tremblingly.

"Let her come, she'll not find me," replied John airily, and leaping the fence, was gone.

Kittie met her sister with demure unconsciousness. "Were you calling?" she asked.

Kittie presented herself promptly on time at the telephone office and giving her name, asked, "Is there a call for me?"

"Yes, Miss Olsen," was the reply, at the same time indicating her box.

Kittie smiled consciously. "Colson? Well, now, or an hour from now will make no great difference," she thought.

"Hello, John," she called softly as soon as she had closed the door.

"Hello, Pet," came the instant reply. "It's all right, come to the corner of Belmont and Main. I have an auto waiting, so hurry up."

"All right," she replied, and hung up the receiver. "Wasn't it funny that he called me Pet? I've heard him say a hundred times that he detested it—but I don't! I think it's just sweet. I suppose it's just the 'phone, but his voice didn't sound a bit natural," she murmured as she wrapped her veil about her head, completely concealing her features.

John, at the appointed place, lifted her to the seat without speaking. As he backed, preparatory to turning, another auto came swiftly down the street, and on the corner swerved toward them.

"Oh, no, you don't, Dave Olsen!" exclaimed John, speeding away.

"Hi, there! Stop, you idiot, or I'll have you arrested," yelled the driver of the other car.

"Come on, then," shouted John derisively. To Kittie he said, "Hold fast, I'm going to let her go."

But go as he would his pursuer kept pace with him, so he began twisting and turning, around one corner swaying ominously, skidding on another sharp turn until Kittie shrieked in affright.

Escape seemed impossible, so he doubled back through dark and narrow streets, the lamps on the pursuing machine gleaming like menacing eyes almost within touch. On a lighted corner a policeman ordered him to halt, and as he failed to obey, fired a shot at him. Kittie screamed and half rose, as if to leap from the car.

"Sit down!" called John angrily.

At sound of a second shot she began to sob aloud.

"Oh, shucks," muttered John in vexation. A moment later he remarked, repentantly, "Why, Het, we don't get married every day in the year, but we are going to be married tonight if we have to smash the automobile record. I d ve that fellow's lost himself. the cop's got him." He began ow down.

Kittie inarticulately murmured something about smashing the automobile instead of the record, to which John paid no attention.

As he lifted her down at the parsonage he whispered to her, "I never thought you'd show the white feather." With a laugh, he half pushed her up the steps to where the parson was waiting for them.

Kittie, essaying to untie her veil with trembling fingers, glanced toward John, who stood, hat in hand, speaking to the clergyman. She made a rush and took refuge behind his reverence.

"I don't want to marry this man, I don't even know him, and—and—he's a maniac," she cried hysterically.

John turned to look at her. "Well, I would be crazy to marry you. Thunder, they'd have me up for baby stealing. Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm Kittie Smith," sobbingly, "but I don't know who you are."

"Well, I'm John Smith. My tribe is numerous, but it doesn't include grown-up babies," sarcastically.

The parson stood rubbing his hands together helplessly. "Well, I do declare! My dear, were you expecting to be married?" he asked of Kittie.

"Yes, sir, I was, to John Colson. I don't know this rough man at all," beginning to weep again.

John fidgeted restlessly. "Miss Smith, can't you shut down the flood gate long enough for explanations? As I understand it, you planned to elope with John Colson. And I, John Smith, had a similar arrangement with Hetty Olsen. Now, where were you to meet John Colson?"

"He left a call for me at the public telephone office, and when I talked with him——"

"But you didn't talk to him. That bungling operator gave you to me, and must have given him my party, Hetty Olson. Fine mix-up! I thought that fellow following us was Het's wrathful sire, but it must have been your John. Now, we'll find them in one of three places, at the police station, for speeding; at the hospital, because he got in the way of the policeman's bullet; or back at the telephone office waiting for us."

At mention of the first two places Kittie gave another little shriek.

"Oh, stop pulling the whistle. I'll have Het give you a few lessons. You wouldn't catch her doing the weeping act or squealing over anything. She's clear grit, Het is," he concluded with evident pride.

The same officer who hailed John Smith either took better aim or had a lucky accident in the case of John Colson. When his second command to halt seemed likely to be disregarded, as was his first, his bullet just grazed John's elbow, benumbing his arm so that his hand dropped from the steering wheel. Hetty pushed him aside, taking his place before the car had time to swerve.

"Is it broken?" she asked sympathetically.

"I don't know, but that doesn't matter, what does really matter is they have got away from us," ruefully.

"They'll be hunting us when John finds out that he has the wrong girl," said Hetty, laughing confidently.

As they came to a stop the policeman came up swinging his club impressively. "And what do you mean, racin' like that?" he demanded.

John laughed infectiously. "I'll tell you. I was trying to catch a thief. That fellow ahead was running off with my best girl. Wouldn't you chase him?"

"Faith, I think I would, then! Well?" beginning to smile.

"It's this way. The old folks object, and—you know how 'tis. Through mistake he got my girl and I have his." The laughing tone, aided by a little persuader slipped into the brawny hand resting on the car, proved potent.

"Well, g'wan wid ye, but don't yo dare let me catch ye racin' again."

"I'll not let you catch me if I can help it," answered John facetiously.

"I think we better return to the telephone office," said Hetty, turning the car, but as they approached the building, they saw that the office was closed for the night.

"What now?" asked John in a troubled tone.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Hetty with a laugh. "It wouldn't matter so much to us, only I'm certain father would never let me mix his toddy again. It's once—perhaps, twice—Never! with him."

"And Kittie! Oh, she'll never let me mention elope again," said John. "Hello, what's this?" as a car came rushing toward them.

"That you, John Colson?" came the greeting.

"It certainly is, replied he.

There ensued a rapid fire of questions and answers, an equally rapid exchange of partners, a little weeping on Kittie's part over John's arm, a speedy ride to the waiting clergyman, and in a very short time two happy couples came out again into the night, each man wearing an air of proud proprietorship.

The parson remained standing in the open doorway enjoying the happy termination of the affair, also smiling a little at thought of the two generous gold pieces clasped in his hand. "We've given you lots of annoyance, parson, take these as a recompense," the two Johns had said.

## IN MUCH THE SAME POSITION

**"Divinity That Doth Hedge a King" Exemplified by the "Ruler" of Great Britain.**

When King George arrived at Bombay in November, 1905, a large number of members of the civil service, the British and Indian regiments quartered in Bombay and the Royal Indian Marine were presented to his royal highness. Among the number was a veteran of the Uncovenanted service, the members of which are not supposed to be "in society" in India. The old fellow, in his starchy white uniform, looked as dapper as the admiral, so when he was presented the Prince smiled upon him, which emboldened the veteran to trot out his pet grievance on the spot.

"How d'you do?" said the prince, as he shook hands with the graybeard.

"Very well, thank yer; yer rile 'ighness, I hope you're the same."

"Yes, thanks," said the prince. "I hear you've had 30 years in the east. I must say you don't look so bad on it."

"Not me, yer rile 'ighness. I'm all right thank God, and very comfortable. Only, yer see, yer rile 'ighness, our position is a little bit invidious. We uncovenanted men aren't what we orter be. It's our wives as feels it. We are socially ostracised; we are cut off from communion with our fellow-men and women; we are placed apart—"

"My good fellow," promptly replied the prince, "shake hands once more. We are indeed brothers in distress!"
—Throne and Country

## WEDDING GLOVE FOR BRIDE

**Third Finger Is Left Unstitched So That the Ring Can Be Slipped On.**

A happy era has dawned for the bride at the fateful moment when the ring is about to be placed on her finger.

Instead of the usual struggle to remove her left hand glove she will now be able to uncover the third finger without effort and without losing her composure.

This delightful result is to be obtained by an ingenious "wedding glove" device. The inside seam on the third finger of the left glove is unstitched, so that all that the bride need do is to slip her finger through the slit to receive the ring. The finger can just as easily be slipped back into the glove after the ceremony.

The device will be greatly appreciated not only by the bride, but also by the nervous bridegroom.

The story of the origin of the wedding glove has come to light. Sometime ago a girl who had lost her right arm in the hunting field asked for a single wedding glove.

She remarked on the awkwardness of having to remove her glove with the help of her teeth, and it was then seen that matters would be greatly facilitated for the bride if she only had to uncover the ring finger.

The experiment was so successful that it aroused the interest of other prospective brides, who saw in it a boon which would save them from the usual difficulties of removing a whole glove in the moment when the ring is about to be put on.—Exchange.

## HIS SPEECH WAS GREAT HIT

**Pumperton Thought It Was His Wit, But His Wife Discovered the Reason.**

It was late before Pumperton got home, but his wife was still sitting up for him. "Well, John," she greeted him, "how was the dinner? And how was your speech received?"

Pumperton took off his coat, smiling genially. "Oh, splendidly, my dear, splendidly! I got there a bit late, when the others were already at the table, but I just slipped in quietly and didn't make any stir."

"Well, how about the speech?" she reminded him. "Did it make as much of a hit as you expected?"

"Oh, yes—more. None of the preceding speeches had been particularly clever, and they had hardly raised a smile. But I had no more than stood up and begun when they began to laugh. I went on, my dear, and, I assure you, they simply shook. I never have seen any company so thoroughly entertained. I even expanded a little—gave them a couple of new stories that came into my mind. And when I sat down they cheered and clapped an laughed for minutes. I shall never forget how they laughed."

"Yes, I can well imagine so," his wife said sarcastically. "But the next time you are to make an after-dinner speech wouldn't it be well to put your vest on before leaving home?"

### Her Idea of It.

Algie Graham Livingston is going to write a spelling book, some day, if they let her, according to a writer in the Cleveland Leader.

"How did you spell 'Yaining?'" she asked the other afternoon, as the big drops came down and spoilt her outdoor play. In parenthesis he it said that she isn't big enough to pronounce the letter "r." Hence "Yaining."

Her mother gave the desired information, but Algie, whose proper name is Elsie, shook her head. Her big brother endeavored to assist her, but Algie roguishly declined advice.

"Well," said her brother Bob, "how do you spell it?"

"H, e, double l," came the answer, like a flash.

And they wonder where she got it.

### Fathers of Great Men.

The father of Samuel Pepys was a tailor. The father of James Mill was a cobbler. The father of Jules Verne was a day laborer. Oliver Cromwell's father was a brewer. Epictetus was the son of a day laborer. Socrates was the son of a day laborer. Giotto, the artist, was a peasant's son. The father of Pius V. was a shepherd. The father of Schumann was a bookseller. The father of Pius IV. was a peasant. The father of Cowley was a grocer. The father of Charles Lamb was a servant. Milton was the son of a copyist. Pope's father was a merchant. Neander's father was a carter. Homer was a farmer's son.

### First to Practice Palmistry.

Gypsies introduced the practice of palmistry into England. This appears from a statute of 1531 called an "Acte concerning Egypsyans," which recites that "afore this tyme dyverse and many outlandysshe People, callynge themselfes Egyptians, using no craffte nor faiste of marchaundyse, have comen into this Realme and gone from Shire to Shire and Place to Place, and used greate subtyll and crafty meanes to deceyve the people that they by palmestre could tell meanne and womens fortunes, and have by craffte and rubtyltie deceyved the people of their money."

### Decided Change.

Mrs. Brown—Do you think marriage changes a man?

Mrs. Jones—Vastly. Look at my husband. He used to offer me a penny for my thoughts; now he often offers me $50 to shut up.

## ASSERTS FISH HAS MEMORY

**Novel Exhibition With Trout Is Given by an Expert to Uphold This Theory.**

An expert in fish culture, who believes that fish have memories, gave a novel exhibition to support his theory.

In one of the enclosed pools at the hatchery under his charge there was a very large trout which always came forward to see and be seen when visitors approached. It was the expert's custom, after calling particular attention to that trout, to raise his cane quickly and hold it over the water. The performance would have no effect upon the trout.

Then the expert would produce a light trout rod and appear with it at the side of the pool. Instantly that trout would turn and flee, hide itself at the far end of the enclosure and remain there so long as the rod was in sight.

This is the explanation of the sudden change in the trout's demeanor: One day, early in the career of the fish, the expert, to try a barbless hook he had devised, cast with one in that pool, and this trout seized it. The hook penetrated and passed through its upper jaw, and by the time it was released from the hook it had undergone an experience that made a lasting impression upon it.

The expert discovered soon after the hooking of the trout that whenever he approached the pool with his rod the trout would instantly dash to a place of hiding, although it paid no attention to a cane or other stick held over the water. The trout lived for years in that pool and never failed to show its fear of a trout rod as long as it lived.

## MOTH MILLER IS VERY HARDY

**Man Finds One In Library Book That Apparently Had Been Closed Many Years.**

"How long can a moth miller live without air and light?" is a question puzzling the bookworm.

"I opened an old library book the other day," he said, "that had the appearance of having been closed for a century, and on the very first page I found a moth miller. He lay lifeless for a few minutes, but pretty soon he began to wriggle. Now, ordinarily, moth millers are my chief aversion. I take a cruel delight in killing them, but I could not kill that moth miller. I played the role of liberator instead. His helplessness touched me, and I blew on him; flicked him with my finger, and after awhile he was able to fly away.

"Now, what I would like to know is, how long had that insect been entombed? My curiosity carried me to the length of inquiring when the book had been called for last, but the attendant informed me that the book was in the reference department, and it would be a prodigious labor to trace the latest reader, so how long the moth miller had suffered captivity is still a mystery."

### Painless Dentistry.

In the Sunday school teacher's experience the only kind of a dentist she had ever known was a man who pulled or repaired teeth, so when the nice little girl in her class said her father was a dentist the teacher concluded to patronize him. She knew his address and called one day with nerves braced for treatment of an unsound tooth. She was shown into a small workshop, whose sides were lined with big grandfather clocks.

"Dentist?" the man exclaimed. "Great Scott, no; I'm a clock mender, but I know how the kid came to make the mistake. People in this trade always call the fellow who makes a specialty of tinkering with grandfather clocks a dentist. The wheels of most grandfather clocks of American manufacture are made of wood, and when the clock stops the wornout teeth have to be removed from the wheel and sound teeth put in. So I really do work with teeth and deserve the name of dentist."

### Saw No Future for Pittsburg.

"Pittsburgh" of the ninth edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" had quietly become "Pittsburg" in the tenth. The former, to which America has now officially reverted, is the original spelling. When General Forbes captured Fort Duquesne in 1758, he renamed it Pittsburgh in honor of the great English inspirer of victory. In 1784 Arthur Lee described the place in language which seems strange to those who know "the smoky city" of today: "Pittsburgh is inhabited almost entirely by Scots and Irish, who live in paltry log houses. There are in the town four attorneys, two doctors and not a priest of any persuasion, nor church or chapel, so that they are likely to be damned without the benefit of clergy. The place, I believe, will never be very considerable."

### German Trade Advancement.

At one time the county of Lancashire, in England, produced practically all the sulphuric acid in the world. The commercial development in Germany and other foreign countries of a special process of manufacture, originally invented by an Englishman, has lost this trade to England. Similarly, the working out by Germans of a method of making artificial indigo has already revolutionized the indigo business and bids fair also to revolutionize the cotton dyeing industry. Four-fifths of all the dyes used in the world are made in Germany.

*Randall Parrish*

# Fifty Years Ago

The titantic struggle between the North and South was being waged. The semi-centennial of this greatest of all modern wars makes everything pertaining to it of peculiar interest at the present time, and a stirring Civil War story is particularly appropriate now. It is for that reason we have arranged to print:

# My Lady of the North

**By RANDALL PARRISH**

*Author of* "Bob Hampton of Placer," "Keith of the Border," *etc.*

This is the greatest of all the great historical stories Mr. Parrish has given to American readers. It is a swift, intense, adventurous romance, with some mystery, as much action as is possible to crowd into one story, plenty of realism of what may be termed the romantic variety, and a glow which will enlist your sympathies as well as your attention.

On as black a night as any daring soldier could ask, a cavalry captain rode out from the Army of Northern Virginia to carry certain dispatches from General Lee through the Union Lines. The officer is Captain Philip Wayne, and a gallant Virginian in every sense of the word. He is at once plunged from one dangerous adventure into another, and the dashing style in which he describes them will keep you enthusiastic and fairly breathless in your effort to keep up.

**You Will Not Want to Miss a Single Line of the Story and We Strongly Advise You to**

**Watch for the Opening Chapter**

### As They Do In France.

They do differently in France. A woman professor in an academy for young women supported by the government, is proud of having given three fine sons to her country. She recently, says Le Cri de Paris, sent a communication to the minister of public instruction giving an account of her long service and, setting out her right to retire on a pension. She was not a little surprised to receive a statement that there had been subtracted from her time of service three vacations of one month each, the time required to bring her sons into the world. This official note bore these words: "Less three months taken for personal convenience."

### Visible Oven.

A department store manager looked over a sea of heads about a basement exhibit the other day. "They are watching the new stove bake," he explained. "The oven door is of clear, heavy glass, and all the mysteries of a day's baking are revealed. Cakes and pastries rise, brown and bake to a turn in full view of the public gaze. It proves to be a fascinating sight, for we haven't had such a crowd in days, and the men seem as interested as the women."—New York Sun.

### Fine Horses of Mixed Blood.

Since the beginning of the seventeenth century Jerez de la Forontera has been the most noted horse-breeding center of Andalusia, for many hundreds of years famous for its fine horses. Jerez de la Forontera was one of the first and last Moorish strongholds in Spain, and the best horses there were all bred from famous Arab stallions, so that what is known as an Andalusian, or Spanish, horse has always a good deal of Arab blood; it has, however, been crossed with so many other breeds, especially Flemish, that today the Spanish horse is not registered in the books of record of pure-blood animals.

### Expensive Bravery.

The manager of a shooting gallery patronized by women was glad to get another pupil, but he could not exactly sympathize with her husband's motive for urging her to acquire crack marksmanship.

"One night when she was staying alone up in the country a burglar got into the house," the husband said, "and she had to fire six shots at him before she touched him, and then she only grazed the tail of his coat. It's wicked extravagance to waste cartridges like that, and she's got to shoot."

# Mrs. Jack's Elopement

*By Louise Merrifield*

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

The Percival Kinneys started the rumor. They had motored out to Edgemere to surprise Mrs. Jack, who was going through one of her periodical grass widowhoods.

Jack had taken a sudden notion he wanted to have a fling at fall shooting in Saskatchewan.

"Or was it Kamchatka?" mused Mrs. Kinney, telling of the whole tragedy later. "I'm not sure. But he went two weeks ago, and I knew Lenore, poor dear, would be lonely. So Percival said we'd run down and stay the weekend with her. The Clinton Hasleighs had been at Edgemere a week and over and I knew Lenore would be half dead entertaining them. And the Jameses from New Orleans said they were going down for Thanksgiving. Well, that's really all there is to tell. We arrived. The house was in utter desolation—servants gone, Lenore gone! Only the stables intact, and the housekeeper left. The large touring car was gone, too. No one knows the truth. In the dead of night a message arrived by A. D. T. Lenore rose, dressed for traveling, acted excitedly, took her jewel case and furs and the touring car, chauffeur and maid."

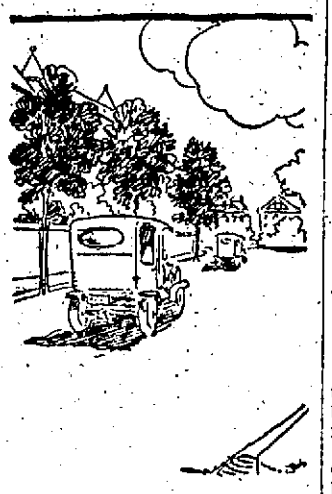
"But even so, my dear," protested Kinney mildly. "She may have been summoned to a deathbed."

"A deathbed? Percival, why do you seek to protect the guilty merely because they happen to be social acquaintances? It is a positive fact that Lenore met a man at the Castlewood inn, half way to New York, and they went away together in her car. Poor Jack! And there's no getting word to him, for we're not sure whether it is Kamchatka or Saskatchewan. But I'm really surprised at Lenore. Married two years, and so young."

"Whom do you suspect, Mrs. Kinney?" smiled Carey Roberts, Jack Barton's close pal.

"I would not dare to say," Mrs. Kenney's brows lifted.

"Wouldn't you? Somehow I can't feel bothered over it. Lenore's a



They Trailed the First One.

mighty straight little girl, and Jack's a prince, I think I shall wire Saskatchean."

He did, but there was no response. The rumor grew into alarming reports. Mrs. Jack had been seen abroad with a thin, fair man, reported to be the Baron Gritz Somebody. Mrs. Jack had been observed at Palm Beach pacing the promenade with a short, stout man, undoubtedly senator from a certain western state. Mrs. Jack had occupied a box at the opening opera season in London; and behind her sat the well-known Italian Marquis So-and-So. Edgemere remained closed. The tall, ivy covered uptown house, that had been Jack's wedding present to his bride, was closely boarded up. Rumor stated that several bodies had been found resembling Jack at various points of the compass.

It was late in November when Carey Roberts, whirling around Paris with his fiancee, Diane Bolleau, caught sight of a face in a passing taxi. It surely was Mrs. Jack, looking more beautiful than ever, in a stunning black and white get up, and beside her was a man. His head was turned away, but Carey gave a startled exclamation.

"Diane! You've got to trust me. See that taxi. I've got to follow it. Come with me, and don't ask questions."

Diane was American bred and French born. She smiled and stepped into another taxi, fresh for the chase. Through the streets and boulevards they trailed the first one, and finally it drew up before a very modest house in a pretty outlying suburb. There was a high wall inclosing a garden. Vines rambled over the house. The windows were discreetly curtained in soft lace, with silk beyond, and little window boxes of winter greens fronted them.

Carey bounded up the few marble steps, and pressed the electric button. The first taxi was just vanishing around the corner on its way back to town.

"Now, Diane dear, listen, no matter what we stumble on leave it to me. I'm Jack's friend, and it must be managed with diplomacy, the whole affair. It's bad enough as it is. But if I can get a chance to speak to Lenore alone, perhaps I may be able to help her for his sake——"

He paused. The door opened. A discreet little French maid regarded them demurely. Was madame at home? But yes, surely! They entered the narrow hall just in time to face Lenore herself. But not a penitent Lenore. Standing before the oval Louis Seize mirror, she was happy, care-free and frankly amused when she saw her guests.

"Why, Carey, you dear old fellow, I'm so glad to see you. And Diane—oh, I have heard."

She started to kiss Diane's cheek, and noticed the touch of hauteur as the girl slightly drew away from her.

"What is it?" she asked quickly. "Come in and tell me. Are you in trouble?"

Were they in trouble? Carey could have grinned at her for her coolness, but he didn't. It was a delicate situation.

"Have you heard from Jack?" he asked, gravely, thinking to startle her.

"Jack? Of course." She dimpled amusedly. "Why?"

"Why? Oh, say, Mrs. Jack, forgive me if I speak plainly, but I'm the boy's friend, you know, and we can't find a trace of him. It looks as if he had taken this thing to heart and made away with himself——"

"What thing?" Her eyes were very bright now.

"Why—er—why——"

"Your elopement," Diane put in, boldly.

"My elopement?" repeated Lenore, slowly. "Is that what you are all saying of me? How very, very kind." She hesitated, while Carey tried not to look sympathetic.

Diane was gazing out of the window coldly. It was almost too much, the way Lenore regarded her escapade. Suddenly she began to laugh, her old, gay little ripple of amusement, and rose.

"I want you to meet my partner in guilt," she said, and crossing the room she pushed back the glass doors and disclosed Jack himself at his desk in a snug library.

"Why did we do it?" he laughed, after the storm of greetings. "Because we were going too fast a pace, and we couldn't pay up. I knew if we could get away for a few months, I could get on my feet; but keeping up Edgemere, and running a steady hotel for one crowd after another, was putting us altogether on the financial blink, to tell the plain truth, and so we eloped. Didn't we, sweetheart?"

"Biggest scandal this year," Carey returned. "I shall spread it broadcast. When a man elopes with his own wife, the rights of bachelors must be protected. Diane, this is no place for an engaged couple. You'll be eloping with me directly after the honeymoon, and by Jove, if we could find a nest like this, Jack, I'd do it."

"You may have this after Christmas," said Jack. "We're going home."

## SALT AND ICE-MITTEN BATHS

**This Sort of Bathing Will Give Skin a Velvety Feeling and Cure Insomnia Sufferers.**

Can you swim? Have you the opportunity? Do it, if you have. If not, follow this simple procedure and see how you like it: Take a bowl of coarse salt (not ice cream salt) and put just enough cold water on it to dampen. Rub the skin of the entire body with this mixture until it glows, and then enjoy a full bath, of about 90 to 96 degrees. Your skin will have a velvety feeling and you will be greatly invigorated. This salt glow may be taken twice a week.

Another bath: Have the bathroom temperature at least 72 degrees. A basin of water containing a piece of ice, a loosely fitted mit made of Turkish toweling, and three dry Turkish towels, are the requisite articles. Slip on the mit, dip it in the ice water several times and rub first one arm until it is red, then the other; then the chest, abdomen, legs and back in their order. The entire body will glow with a healthy reaction; you will be refreshed and strengthened. Now rub briskly with the Turkish towels until you are vivified and warm with the sensation of plenty of blood in the skin. This bath is called the cold mitten friction.

Lie down and rest one hour after either of these baths. The cold mitten friction may be taken daily. Of course, it is not to be administered the day of the salt glow.

If you are nervous and fidgety at night, if you are bothered with insomnia, don't take sleeping powders, take a neutral bath; a full bath exactly 97 degrees Fahrenheit. Keep the temperature of the bath at just 97 all the time, and remain in it from 15 minutes to half an hour, or until you become drowsy.—From the Designer.

### The Preacher and the Dog.

An aged darky preacher in the south once strayed into a town where he chanced upon two young clergymen engaged in a warm dispute over some deep theological problem. They finally raised their voices till they disturbed a dog that had been lying by the fire sleeping soundly. At this the old preacher, who sat near by sipping a cup of tea, turned and kicked the dog.

"Shet up!" he commanded. What has yo' got to say 'bout it, anyhow? You don't know no more 'bout it dan dey do!"

### Hague Needed.

Knicker—War is getting too expensive to be indulged in.

Bocker—Yes, the presents I have to take my wife after we quarrel bankrupt me.—New York Sun.

# A Thousand Dollar Bill

*By Martha McCulloch-Williams*

"There never was a nicer lad than Phil," Mrs. Ellis said, sighing. "It is heart-breaking to hear of him turning out this way."

"Nobody can make me believe he took that money," Margery Clare, Mrs. Ellis's ward, said firmly.

Again the elder woman sighed. "I have to believe, much as I hate to," she said. "Somebody certainly did get that thousand dollars—and he was about the only one who had the chance."

"That is more than anybody knows," Margery answered with spirit. "Jim Franklin admits that he went to sleep with open windows and only the outer doors shut. Neither he nor Phil heard a sound all night—but that doesn't prove a burglar didn't get in and steal that thousand dollar bill."

"Jim thought of that first off—but there wasn't a sign of such a thing. Oh, I tell you he was the worst cut up—said he'd rather have lost the money ten times over, ill as he could spare it, than have to believe such a thing of Phil. And you know he won't go to law, in spite of what his uncle tells him."

"It would be better—and braver," Margery broke in, her eyes snapping. "Phil could fight in open court—now nobody accuses him directly—but everybody except me thinks he stole the money, and he has no chance to prove he didn't."

"Jim says he'll be punished enough if he did take it—losing his job and his friends and—maybe you!" Mrs. Ellis said the last word interrogatively.

Margery's head went up. "If he loses me it will be his own fault," she said. "I'll marry him tomorrow—if only he'll ask me."

"Margery! Darling!" a shaken voice cried from the hall.

Phil Ames had come in noiselessly to say good-by, just in time to hear his sweetheart's avowal. She rushed into his open arms and hid her face on his breast, sobbing out:

"Phil! Dearest! Take me! Let us go away from all this—together."

"Are you brave enough to stay and face it—with me?" Phil asked huskily.

"Had Taken Off His Coat."

"I did mean to run away—it all seemed so hopeless. Now that I have you I can't do it. I must stay here and prove myself worthy your trust."

"It is all one to me," Margery said, clinging to him.

Mrs. Ellis bridled. "I have been a mighty good friend to both of you," she said. "But, really—this is too much. Margery, as your guardian, I must forbid you to—to—act so."

"I'm nineteen; you can't forbid me marrying Phil," Margery cried.

Her sweetheart led her toward the door. If it he stopped, looked back and said slowly: "Aunt Nan—Mrs. Ellis, I mean—thank you truly. You—you want to save my darling from herself, but love will save us both."

Then they went away to find a minister, Margery snatching down a sun hat as she went along the hall. It was the simplest bridal—but none other ever so stirred the village. It was a thrifty place, rich and full of family pride, also family traditions. Margery Clare embodied alike the pride and the traditions. Throwing herself thus into the arms of a thief, almost a thief confessed, was a shock, no less a nine days' wonder.

Margery knew it; notwithstanding, she was happy. She and Phil set up housekeeping very simply in a little cottage, the humblest place of real estate she owned. She had an income sure but sufficient for one.

Phil showed quickly he did not mean to stretch it into providing for two. There was a good bit of ground attached to the cottage—he set to work on it manfully—inside of six months it was indeed a garden spot, returning scant profits to be sure, but promising great things in the next growing season.

The money had been lost in August—he had married Margery at the beginning of September.

Thus he had only his cold frames and a tiny greenhouse to depend on. When he had plots of growing things there would be another and a better story.

Margery loved the gardening—she knew it meant so much to Phil. Work made him so healthily tired he slept instead of brooding half the night over the stain on his name. It gave him an appetite, too, helping thus to a normal mind. She knew he was under constant surveillance—it was joy to know the spying saw only a man doing a man's work.

When people came to see her she accepted them as if sure the motive were pure kindness. But she made no visits herself, neither accepted invitations to join in church affairs, nor the dances at the courthouse, where formerly she had been a leading spirit. Phil wanted her to go—he was willing to endure martyrdom for her sake. But she smiled and shook her head—she meant never to go out among their own people until their own people saw and acknowledged their mistake.

Time went swiftly; almost before she realized it came the anniversary of their wedding. The garden had been a modest gold mine, but she would not let Phil buy her anything save a fluffy Pomeranian puppy, agreeing, however, to his proposition that they should show themselves that night at the courthouse.

It was not a dance, but an entertainment by a so-called psychic lecturer. He was said to have marvelous powers. Phil had a sort of feeling that the villagers would think he dreaded to face the sneer. That was untrue—he had even a wild idea of going forward if subjects for experiment were called. Second thought showed him he had better stay beside Margery—people had been cordial to them, offering felicitations with no apparent reserves. He would do nothing to bring up the old story; in twenty years perhaps he could live it down.

He heard little of the lecture, which was a string of platitudes. But he was somehow aware of a strange influence—something which got into him and made him shiver in spite of himself. He was on the point of asking Margery if she also felt it, when he saw Jim Franklin moving toward the rostrum, his face faintly troubled. He spoke low but earnestly to the lecturer, too low for the audience to catch a word. It watched with bated breath as he sat down and fell under influence.

For a minute he was silent, motionless, inert, as one in a deep and refreshing sleep. Then he stirred and sat up, opening eyes that did not see. The lecturer spoke to him.

"What did you do that night?" he asked.

Franklin stood up, not uncertainly, but like a man with a purpose. He had taken off his coat—it hung neatly folded on the back of a chair. He picked it up, took a knife from his pocket and ripped a short length of the stitches that held down the collar. Through the rip he thrust his fingers and drew out a creased and crumpled paper, narrowly folded, spread it out, folded it again, tucked it back in place and said as he replaced the coat:

"Darn thousand dollar bills; this one goes in bank tomorrow."

Phil darted toward the stage, his face white and working. Hushed cheering followed him; the hypnotist held up a warning hand. He was making swift passes over Jim. As Jim opened his eyes they rested on Phil and Margery—in their faces he read something momentous. He sprang up, holding out both hands and saying huskily:

"I know you didn't do it, Phil, though I don't know how I know."

"But we do," the hypnotist said kindly.

Then for the first and only time Phil fell forward in a dead faint.

"To think I sewed down that ripped collar without ever dreaming it meant anything," Jim's mother explained when she came to understand.

The mystery was plain enough. Jim, worried in sleep over the big bill, had hidden it with the cunning of somnambulism, and forgotten all about the hiding. It might never have been found except by a rag picker but for the hypnotic experiment. Be sure, though, Jim meant what he said—namely, that getting back the money was nothing compared to getting back Phil, his closest friend.

## ALL WOMEN LOVE PRAISE

**Lack of Appreciation and Sympathy Between Husbands and Wives Causes Many Barriers Between Hearts.**

Woman's love of commendation is one of her chief charms. There is not a woman alive who is indifferent to words of praise from those she loves. The very women who stifle their hearts' cries because it is vain to listen for an answer where they have a right to expect it and go on performing their duties just the same—if it be their duties—are the women who most hunger for the kindly appreciative word.

In too many homes it is the lack of appreciation, the lack of sympathy, that builds up sickening barriers between hearts that should be near.

Is this love of appreciation a crime, a weakness?

If so, men are very weak, for they cannot get along at all without this sort of bolstering up—that is, the majority of them.

Read any of the precious "advice to women" and you will see how womankind is advised to be cheerful and keep her sorrows and worries hidden, how she is cautioned to be up and doing at all times, on the front doorstep ready to smile as soon as the dear husband turns the corner!

But what about advice to husbands along the same line?

One rarely sees any printed.

One might think it is because women don't care for commendation. Yet we all know that praise from both men and women gobbla up greedily and loudly cry, "More, more."

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Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport. Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Duggan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.


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## NURSES SHOULD NOT SNORE

**One of Them Tells How the Habit Keeps Them From Holding Good Places.**

"In all those months I was in the hospital somebody ought to have warned me, I think," said the trained nurse 'Of course I had it from the folks at home that I snored a little, but I never took it seriously until I went on my first case I found then that it is a serious matter for a nurse to snore

"I took the case from a nurse whose own health had broken down The patient was nervous and excited over the contemplated change, and that made my ordeal more severe; a brand new case of my own would have been much easier Still, we got along fairly well together the first half of the night He was a kindly man, and soon after midnight he insisted that I should try to get some sleep I didn't think I'd catch a wink, but by and by I dozed off. It was a fatal sleep for me. The next morning the patient's sister told me about the snoring.

"'James could not rest at all,' she said 'I heard you in the next room.'

"Before night I was looking for another job Of course I did not have to give up nursing entirely, but the hard cases, where I am required to keep awake every second, are open to me. All those soft snaps that give you a chance to sleep half the night are beyond the reach of the snoring nurse"

## PIGEONS ON A JAMBOREE

**Drink Liquor Spilled in the Street and Gave Real Exhibition of Drunkenness.**

A heavy truck loaded high with kegs of liquor was jolting across a line of downtown car tracks when one of the kegs toppled and fell from the top of the pile into the street It was thoroughly smashed, so the truckman whipped up his team and went his way without stopping The rum flowed out over the street—one little dent in the paving collecting a visible puddle of it

In a few minutes a pigeon came fluttering down to drink at the pool thus fortunately provided for thirsty birds The initial taste was a surprise, but a second and a third soon followed, and soon the pigeon tottered fluttering away too overcome to fly. Other birds, seeing him there and anxious to wet their parching throats on so sultry a day, followed their brother in his path of wicked intemperance

Five minutes later a passerby was astonished to see a dozen pigeons in the gutter of the otherwise deserted street, some dancing drunkenly, others already sound asleep A few feet away a hound of disreputable appearance was creeping up, slowly and a trifle unsteadily, on his unsuspecting and bibulous quarry As he was almost among the birds his feet went suddenly in several directions and he lay in the gutter among the pigeons growling sleepily to himself, for he, too, was drunk

### Misleading Names.

Practically all the wooden clocks called Dutch are made in the village of Freyburg, in the Black Forest This misnomer is due to simple mispronunciation— Dutch meaning, of course, German. Nothing is more natural than to assume that India ink comes from India, but it does not, and never did, any more than does India rubber India ink is a Chinese product, and India rubber comes from South America Camel's hair brushes are not made from the hair of camels, but from the hair of the tails of Russian and Siberian squirrels Camel's hair is, however, employed in the manufacture of certain fabrics to be made into shawls, etc, and is sometimes mixed with silk.

### Hoodooed Her Hair.

Another black mark has been chalked down against number thirteen.

"I did up my hair the other night in curl papers torn from an old calendar," said the pretty girl "and in the morning when I took it down I had a row of beautiful curls all around my head except right over the left temple. That lock was as straight as a lead pencil, and I had dampened it with lemon juice just like all the others, but when I unrolled the paper I found out why it wouldn't curl. The page I had twisted it over was the thirteenth of the month"

### Navajo Blankets.

Much unadulterated nonsense, has been written concerning the symbolism of Navajo Indian blankets, and the poetry, legend, tradition and history woven by the squaw into its fabric. It is true that some designs have a symbolic meaning, but Hopi, Zuni and Apache symbols are used quite as freely as those peculiar to the Navajos. The Navajo squaw is one of the least imaginative and least poetical of human beings, and it is quite safe to say that even when symbolic designs are employed in basket weaving it is without the remotest reference to their true significance.

### Asbestos Shingles.

Asbestos shingles are now being manufactured in this country with success, and the trade has grown enormously The new products are of the lightest weight, and fireproof up to a temperature of 2,000 and more degrees They are proof against wind and weather, and last as long as a concrete building will.

## *Out After Blackbirds*

*By John Philip Orth*

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Miss Clara Pagent was an artist. She painted landscapes on canvas—that is, she had painted a single one, and her grandmother, who had brought her up from the age of nine to nineteen, had raised her hands above her head and exclaimed:

"How beautiful! There isn't an artist in all America who could have done better. It's just as natural as if I stood looking at the real thing My, but I almost expect that cow to throw up her head and bawl out! Don't you ever think of getting married, Clara. You just keep right on painting such pictures as that."

The scene had been taken from Thornapple hill, half a mile from the old red farm house. There was a spotted cow in the foreground, together with a stump or two Then there were bushes and trees, and in the perspective, as if one were looking through a joint of stovepipe, was a duck sailing on a pond. If not told it was a duck it might have been taken for the eagle that flapped his wings and screamed at the battle of Bunker Hill.

If the cow had thrown up her head and bellowed it would have been with pain. Her horns were longer than her legs, and her tail would have reached around a haystack The trees and bushes seemed to have been sawed out for the occasion, and the greensward was such as no herbivorous animal ever yet grazed on. Oh, yes, it was an oil painting all right, and it would be a mean person that would criticize it to the face of the artist or grandmother.

It was the artist herself who found just a teeny-weeny bit of fault. She discovered that one of the eyes of the cow looked up and the other down, and this didn't seem quite natural The picture was taken back to Thornapple hill for a closer study. The spotted cow could always be found there, and it would not take long to catch her true attitude The painting was on the easel and the

The Spotted Cow Could Always Be Found There.

artist was all ready when the cow stepped out from behind the bushes So did something else, but while the cow faced the artist the something else advanced from the rear

Mr Burt Delavan was not a landscape painter. He was just the junior partner in a real estate firm in the city and was taking a fall vacation on the farm of his brother and shooting a few blackbirds by way of diversion It was quite by accident that he ran across the artist, but it was rather impertinent of him to sneak close up and scan the picture for two long minutes, and certainly impudent to observe

"I know you mean that for a cow in the foreground, but—"

"Sir!" exclaimed the young lady, as she sprang up in such confusion that the easel was overturned and the cow started to walk away.

"I—I beg your pardon," said Mr. Delavan, as the cap came off, "but I spoke unconsciously"

"Oh, you did Then you are an artist yourself?"

"No, not exactly. That is—"

"That is, you have seen a cow?"

"Yes"

"And the cow you saw was not like this cow, and therefore you criticize?"

"But, miss, you see—see—"

Yes, she saw that he had made a blunder and was confused over it, and that her cold stare at him was troubling him more than a dose of bird shot. He had sneaked up and was an interloper, and so she had all the advantage He made no further defence, but retreated with gun in one hand and cap in the other. A look of disdain followed him, but he was only out of sight when Miss Clara began to have her doubts about that cow To doubt the cow was to doubt the duck and the trees Grandma had piled on the praise, but she might not be a critic. In ten minutes the horrible doubt crossed the artist's mind—was she a born artist, or was she only a dauber?

When this doubt came there were only two things to do—throw a stone at the cow and then go home and tell grandma all about it

"Why, the unhung villian!" exclaimed the old lady when the tale had been told. "You say he sneaked upon you?"

"Yes."

"And began right off about the cow?"

"Yes."

"Didn't wait to introduce himself?"

"No."

"And stammered and blushed with guilt as he sneaked away?"

"I think it was with guilt."

"Of course it was Clara, that man had poisoned somebody's well and was fleeing from justice Don't you pay any attention to what he said. That painting is going to have a $2 frame and hang in the parlor opposite 'Napoleon Crossing the Alps'"

But haven't I got the cow's eyes wrong?" asked the artist "Should one of them be looking up and the other down?"

"They should, dearie. That's what first made me think you were a born artist. I've watched cows a thousand times They always keep one eye on the grass and roll the other up as if thanking heaven for the fodder. Don't you worry about her eyes"

"But what was the young man going to criticize if I hadn't stopped him?"

"Land only knows! When a person is mean enough to poison a family well you can't tell what he will say or do next. At first I thought the cow's tail might be too long, but then I remembered that it must be in fly time she was painted You just chirk right up and forget that villain If I was you I'd start a new picture tomorrow."

But Miss Clara didn't. There were several doubts in her mind now, and she didn't agree with her grandmother about the young man being a well-poisoner and an unhung villain As she remembered his face it was attractive and interesting, with not a line of villainy in it Thus when she went forth next afternoon it was not to sketch, but to think as she walked She didn't climb Thornapple hill, but skirted it, and by and by she came to a brook and turned to the left to look for a crossing.

Mr. Burt Delevan was again looking for blackbirds His encounter with the artist on Thornapple hill the day before had left him rather humiliated He therefore strolled another way, yet all the time hoping for another meeting He had his nerve with him now and he was sure he could put the case in such a light that he would be forgiven.

"Say! Say! Help! Help!"

Mr. Delevan threw aside his gun and plunged through a thicket to find himself on the bank of a creek Standing in the shallow water, which reached her knees and was bubbling higher, was the girl artist.

"It's quicksand, you see," she explained, as the young man stood staring

Being in the real estate business, which includes all kinds of soils, Mr. Delevan knew just what to do in case of quicksand, and he did it It was a hard tug but at length a muddied and bedraggled figure stood on the bank beside him Not a word had been spoken during the rescue None was spoken now as the girl was assisted home and left in the arms of her grandmother at the back door.

It was two weeks later before there was any conversation a stenographer would have thought worth her pothooks Then Miss Clara asked her grandmother

'Do you think I will ever make an artist?"

'No, I don't,' was the prompt answer. 'That Mr Delevan has called here seven times since he hauled you out of the quicksand, and if I know anything about apple sass it won't be more'n seven times more before both of you will be so head over heels in love that painting will go to pot!"

## TELLS OF BABY CROP FAMINE

**Bishop of London, Who Is a Bachelor, Complains of Prevalent Infant Shortage.**

The inconsistency of the outcry raised by the bishop of London, who is a bachelor, over a shortage not in the turnip or the carrot crop, but the current crop of British babies, is made a part of the subject of a satire screed in London Opinion by James Douglas. He has tried unavailingly to adapt a line of his own.

'Who pleads for weddings should himself be wed,

to Dr. Samuel Johnson's well known line,

"Who drive fat oxen should himself be fat."

and acknoledges that following St. Paul there have been many estimable bachelors and he has given up the idea of proclaiming a holy war against bachelors He says: "I looked back to the first baby and I looked forward to the last, and I perceived the humor of the good bishop What is one bishop among so many human beings? His anxiety is like the anxiety of a drop of water in the ocean that is obsessed by the fear that the ocean is drying up. It is like the anxiety of a grain of sand that is tortured by the dread that the sands of the sea are coming to an end. I swept infinity with a gesture and laughed at his grace. It is delightful to contrast his worthy panic with the interminable tide of life Canute is simply not in it. Neither king nor bishop can help nature with her job. One might as well strike matches to lighten the labors of the sun."

### Done and Undone.

Grocer—Did that watermelon I sold you do for the whole family?

Customer—Very nearly The doctor is calling yet.

## *His Cry for Help*

*By Claudine Sisson*

Gordon Ascott had come up to Duck bay from the city for the shooting The shooting consisted of whatever could be shot Sometimes it was a wild goose or duck—sometimes a rabbit who was reckless enough to expose himself in the open

Mr. Ascott was twenty five years old and something of a philosopher He didn't expect much in this world, and he expected nothing whatever of Duck bay. He had been told about it, and all he counted on was wading around through the marshes and getting some scenery that could not be found in town. He had never been in love, and he expected nothing of the kind from this trip. There must be women around Duck bay, but of course they would be widows and wives. If there happened to be girls they would be cross-eyed and freckled faced and engaged to farmers' hired men.

The matter of romance didn't trouble Mr. Ascott in the least. If he got a duck he would have it roasted in the inn; if he didn't he would eat the landlord's veal cutlets. He had been in this state of mind for three days, and hadn't even seen a duck, when he thought to go further afield The innkeeper recommended a spot two miles away where wild fowl sometimes disported themselves, and the hunter set out for it

Duck bay was a mile and a half from the railroad, and the hunter was therefore surprised to stumble upon an iron track in the contrary direction Yes, there were the road bed and the ties and rails, and he spent a long five minutes wondering where the line went to, and why he had not heard trains in that direction. The puzzle had not yet been solved when he took to the tracks and, after a walk of 200 feet came to a switch and a track leading into the bushes

Mr. Ascott was no railroad man He had never cared a copper about roadbeds and ties and rails. He had always traveled in a Pullman, tipped the porter and let it go at that Now, all of a sudden, this railroad bothered him and held his attention Was it

"Was It You, Calling for Help?"

the New York and Duck Bay railroad? was it the Duck Bay and Chicago railroad? Was it the Boston and Bunker Hill and Duck Bay line?

These queries were harrowing his brain when he moved backwards and stepped into the frog of the switch with his right foot. His weight forced the foot down, and was caught in a vice. He had on long legged rubber boots, and of course the way to get himself free was to pull his foot out of the boot. It seemed easy, but at the end of ten minutes the victim realized that it couldn't be done He pulled and twisted and strained and swore, but he was fast—fast in a frog, and a train might be due any minute The engineer might see him in time to stop the train, but would he stop it if he did see him? Wouldn't he come right along and run over the captive for the moral effect it would have on other tramps?

Most men prefer to drink standing, but when it comes to thinking they would rather sit down. Mr. Ascott had to stand Moreover, he had to be very careful about his poise If he toppled over it would mean a broken leg, and even then the foot would not be free. For three long hours he stood up like a telegraph pole. Every minute he expected to hear the rumble of an approaching train. Time after time, he figured out how the engine would hit him, and just how his mangled remains would look as they were scattered along the track. He felt that he was a mile or more from any highway, and therefore it was hours before he began to shout. He had yelled a score of times when a young lady descended to the track from a path not far distant, and after surveying him for a moment approached to ask:

"Was it you calling for help?"

"It was," was the reply as Mr Ascott started to lift his cap and then feared for his balance

"And why did you call?"

"I am caught by the foot, as you see."

"Oh, yes. You are standing up so straight I thought you might be posing for a moving picture show. How long have you been here?"

"For hours, miss, and I expected a train along any minute."

"A train? A train?' And the young lady giggled and gurgled and finally laughed merrily and said:

'Why this is an old track leading to a stone quarry, and has not been used for seven years' But your position is uncomfortable, and I must get you loose I was passing on the highway right out here when I heard your calls Your foot must be pried out"

"And you will go for help?"

'Oh, no Just let me find a stout stick"

She wasn't a married woman and she wasn't a freckled faced girl engaged to some farmer's hired man On the contrary, she was about twenty years old, handsome, and it was easy to see that she was a visitor to the country. A queer feeling passed over the duck-hunter. He tried to lay it to the pain in his foot, but he realized that he was deceiving himself. The girl came back with a stout stick to be used as a pry, and Mr. Ascott started to direct operations.

"I know all about it," she interrupted "I put the pry in behind your heel, and bear down. You put your hand on my shoulder to keep your balance I got my aunt Martha down out of an apple tree the other day after she had fainted away, and I guess I can manage this case. If I had stepped into a frog and been caught fast you would have talked half an hour about my carelessness Now I'm going to pry."

Mr. Ascott groaned with the pain as the foot was forced out, and the girl helped him to sit down and then ran away to be back at the end of five minutes with a flask in her hand

"It's brandy," she explained "I always carry it for fear I'll run over a cow and get faint Take a few swallows and then I guess I can get you to the auto."

"But I don't want to trouble you to take me to the inn"

'You are not going there, but home with me That is, you are going to my Aunt Martha's. I'm up from town to visit her, you know I am Miss Gertie Phillips, and I didn't catch your name as Jones did I' Oh, Mr. Ascott, eh? Aunt Martha will be tickled. She was an Ascott before she was married Perhaps you are cousins or something'

'But you see—"

'No, I don't We are two poor, lone women and haven't seen anybody but a tin peddler for a week. We shall dote on a cripple in the house. You shall have chicken broth the very first thing"

Mr Ascott was assisted to the auto, and a few minutes later Miss Gertie was explaining to her aunt.

"Heard him yelling for help Stopped the auto Found him caught by the foot in the railroad track. Pried him loose. He's going to be our invalid Say, auntie, the country is the place for romance, after all"

"But where's the romance, dear?"

"What! You can't see it' I hear a man yell. I save his life I bring him here. He's nice. So am I You'll be motherly to him, and I'll fill his pipe and read to him and tell him stories, and it won't be two weeks before—before—"

'Gertie Phillips!"

"But when a nice girl saves a nice young man's life—'

Can a man whose life has been saved by a young lady—who has eaten of her chicken broth—who has figured out a second cousinship with her aunt—who has admitted to himself that his heart has developed a curious wobble—can such a man go wandering around in old marshes instead of walking out with that girl to gather acorns and wintergreen berries and talking love?

## TO EXPLORE SUNKEN RIVER

**Curiosity in the Philippine Islands Expected to Be Made of Commercial Value.**

It has been decided by the Philippine government to make a complete exploration and survey of the sunken river in Palawan for the purpose of bringing it to public notice as a show place for tourists The entrance to the sunken river is through a low gate of jagged rock, but within a short distance the cave widens into a great chamber. Then in succession come a series of chambers and tunnels, many of them strikingly pretty in coloring, all of them fantastic in design Thousands of birds, chiefly a species of swallow, occupy the chambers and from stone ceilings hang hundreds of bats. The current in the river is generally swift, varying with the rainfall, by which it is fed from some point in the interior of Palawan

The first American to enter the mystic river was the late Governor Miller of Palawan An old Moro told him of its existence and said it had for years been used as a retreat for pirates and other freebooters The Moro agreed to guide him to the river and pilot him through its black recesses, and did so

But Miller had only candles to furnish light and his exploratory work was necessarily incomplete. He ascended the river for a distance estimated at five miles and marked the walls of the main channel for the guidance of other visitors.

### No Fire There.

Mrs. Snicker—I suppose he promised to go through fire and water for you?"

Mrs. Ticker—Yes, and now he won't even water the plants.—Harper's Bazar.

## LOUISA ALCOTT RAN AWAY

**Characteristic Incident of the Early Childhood of That Popular Story Writer.**

Louisa May Alcott, who was probably the most popular writer of young people's stories of the last generation, left in a diary the following characteristic story of her own early childhood:

"Running away was one of the delights of my early days" she wrote. "On one of these occasions I passed a varied day with some Irish children, who hospitably shared their cold potatoes, salt fish and crusts with me as we revelled in the ash heaps which then adorned the waste lands where the Albany depot now stands A trip to the Common cheered the afternoon, but as dusk set in and my friends deserted me I felt that home was a nice place after all, and tried to find it. I dimly remember watching a lamp lighter as I sat to rest on some doorsteps in Bedford street, where a big dog welcomed me so kindly that I fell asleep with my head pillowed on his curly back, and was found there by the town crier, whom my distracted parents had sent in search of me His bell and proclamation of the loss of a 'little girl, 6 years old, in a pink frock, white hat, and new green shoes,' woke me up, and a small voice answered out of the darkness: 'Why, dat's me!'" The story adds that the fun ended next day when the little runaway was tied to the arm of the sofa to repent at leisure

## HARMONY NEEDED IN HOME

**Illness and Disturbed Nerves Are the Sure Result If It Is Lacking There.**

The imperative need of harmony in home surroundings as well as in business life is being felt by thinking more every day It is impossible to do our best work in any atmosphere of confusion, and it is an almost invariable rule that illness and disturbed nerves are the penalty exacted if we allow ourselves to be drawn into conditions that do not spell harmony Our home is our castle, and nothing should be allowed to enter therein that makes us unhappy

If one is obliged to take strangers into the home on account of financial consideration it is wise to make sure that they are not antagonistic in any way that will affect the family relations, otherwise it is better to give up the extra profit and do with less if it means peace of mind There is no price too great to pay for harmony, for it means health, happiness, financial success to you and yours, the ability to help others, and all through the gaining and holding the mental poise which is the peace of understanding Some of us have to be beaten with many stripes before we realize the need of and grasp the knowledge of harmony, but those who have already felt a longing for it and pause to listen will get the revelation and receive its gospel like benediction.


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